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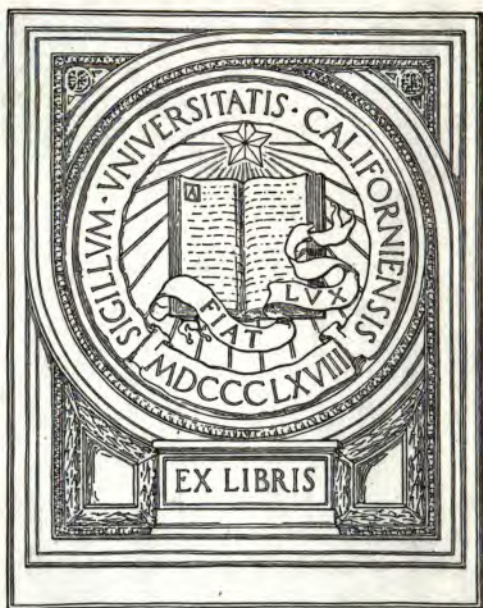
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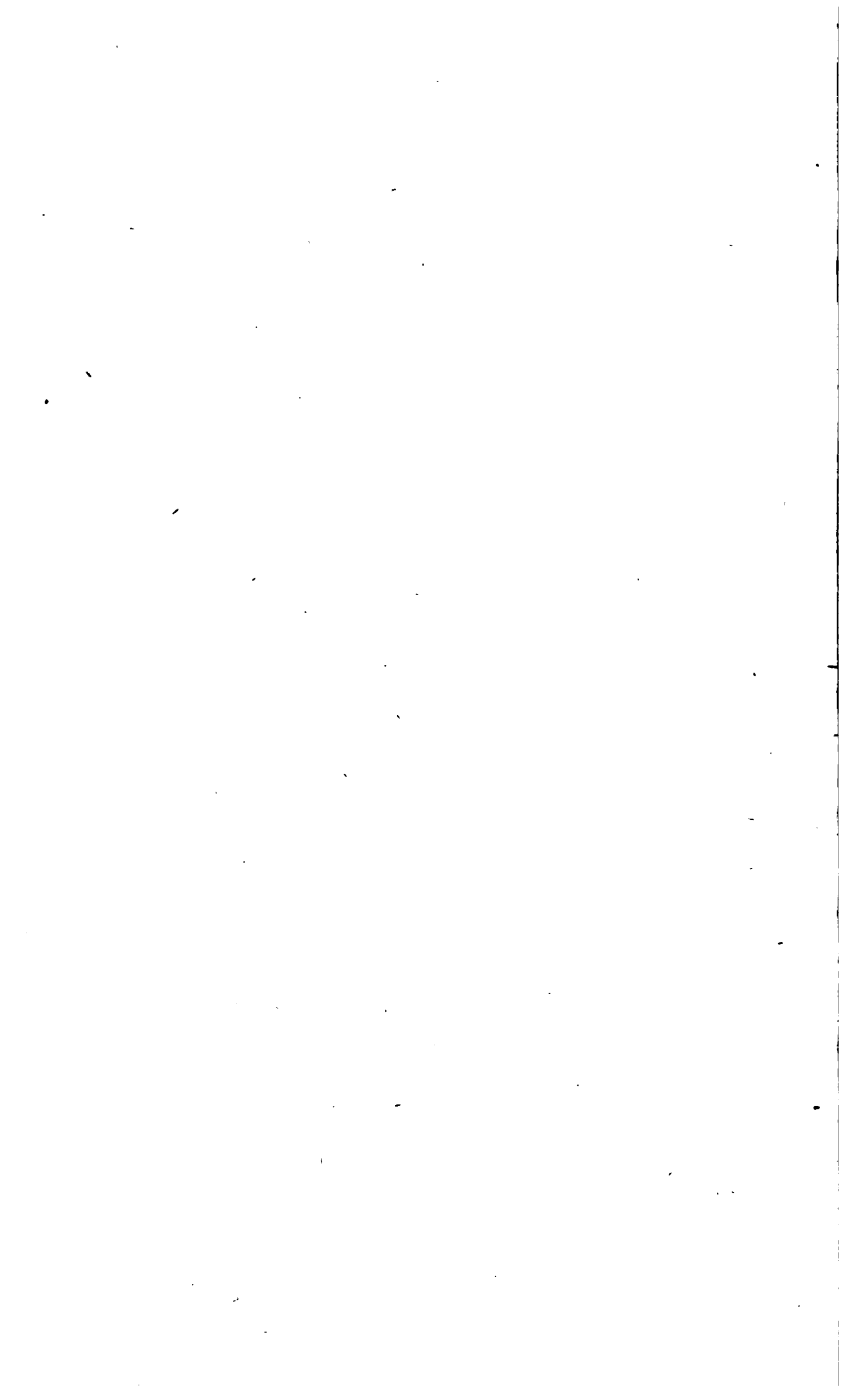


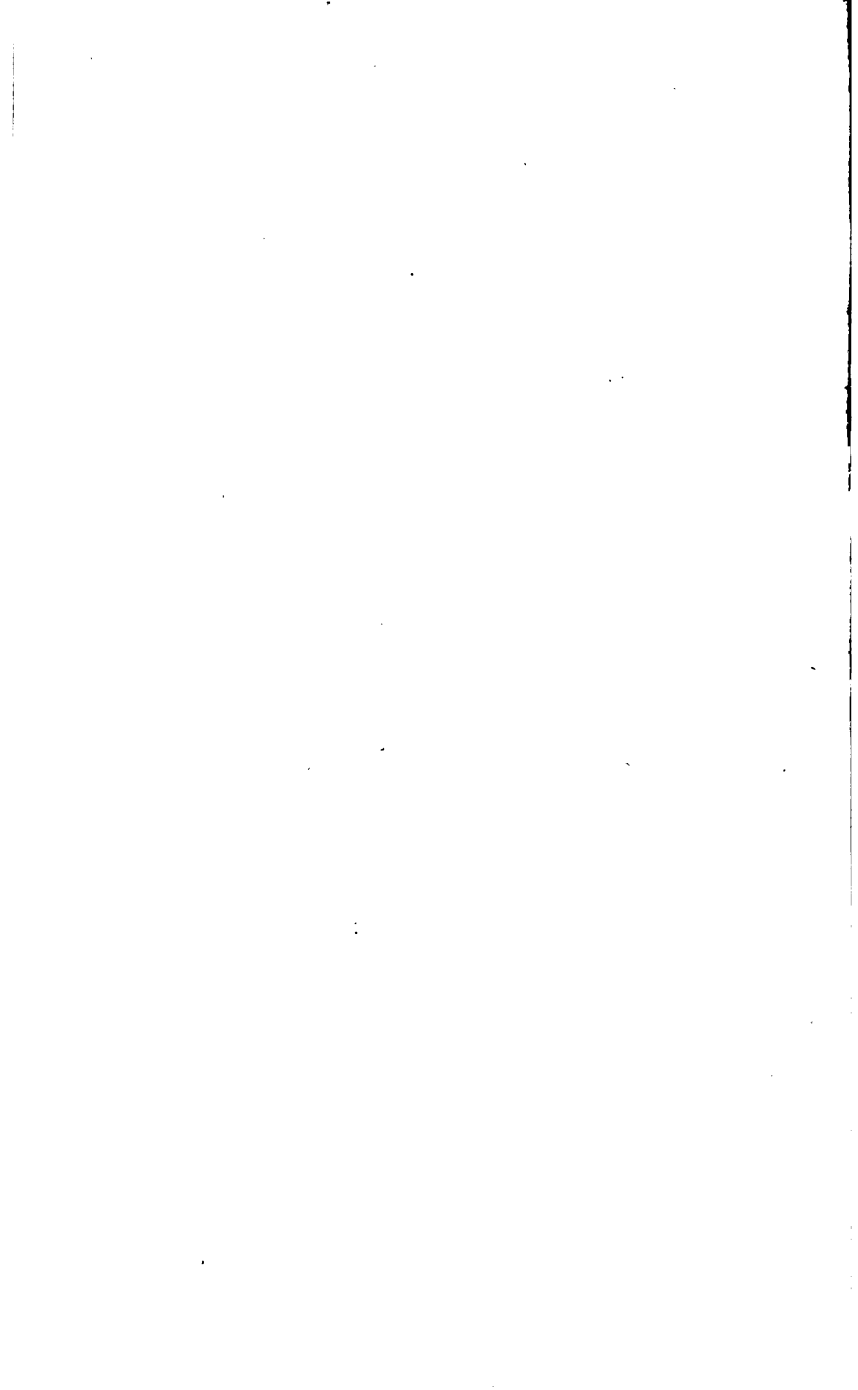


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Mr. & T. P. B. B.

ELLA V—,
"

OR

THE JULY TOUR.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

He can form a moral on a glass of champagne.
Lx Roy.

NEW-YORK:
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INTRODUCTION.

THE principal object of the writer of the following pages, has been to record the religious reflections which they contain. The fictitious part of the work is a mere appendage, in which he has purposely avoided plot and denouement, so usually and essentially the parts of a novel.

M41750



ELLA V— ,

OR

THE JULY TOUR.

SECTION I.

A PERSON, on a lovely July morning, standing on the deck of a steamer, just ready to leave her fastenings to move like a courser up the Hudson, would be characterized for little feeling, were he to gaze without emotion on the grouping multitude around him. He sees many a face lighted up with a smile of expected pleasure as he hears the parting salutation, the spirited jest, the lady-laugh, and the exhortation to the leaving party, that they will take care of themselves ; with a hundred wishes that they may have a pleasant tour and a safe return. By a single change, the eye of the observer of this happy group may be arrested by a graver circle, seated in their solitary musings ; or rest upon some face that has just brushed from the cheek the feeling and farewell tear. But could the bosom of each stranger-face at such a moment be read, it would only give, like every other crowd, the world's varied and vast emotion, in less but

proportionate amount, of the joyous and the sorrowful, which swells the ever agitated bosoms of mankind.

The little group among whom the writer deemed himself fortunate to have been thrown, had its brighter and more shaded faces. Upon the arm of Le Roy, a young and joyous bride was leaning, although this was not their bridal-tour. Her younger sister stood at her side, with a fresh lip, and a cheek deepened by the early breath of the morning; and her young heart gushed free in her anticipations of looking abroad on the wide world, which, as yet, she had only known through the medium of her school-books, or in the conversation of the family circle; or in the dreams and romance of fiction and the imaginings of a young and unsophisticated heart. And yet, from circumstances of early illness, she had acquired a habit of thought and manner beyond the usual intelligence and address of a young lady of sixteen. She was speaking to a young gentleman who was to join the party the next morning at the Springs, and who left her, in the mean time, with the hope that her anticipations of pleasure might be more than realized. A slight shade deepened the delicate bloom on the cheek of Miss V. as her eye met the young gentleman's parting look. We were told, on his leaving the boat, that he was a young clergyman of superior abilities and finished educa-

tion, and as remarkable for his refined taste as his engaging and polished manners. Mrs. E., one of his parishioners, a young widow lady, and her sweet orphan girl, four years old, whom he had accompanied from the south, were of our party. This little girl had a fresh bouquet of flowers in her hand, and was urging the servant that accompanied her to put them into water, that they might be kept fresh and fair for her friend Mr. F., the young clergyman, when he should overtake them at Saratoga the next morning.

The last bell of the steamer had rung. Our boat shot out from the dock, and led on her course ahead of the opposition, until the receding boat was lost, ere long, in the distance.

We seldom finish our sail in a steamboat without meeting with a number of old friends, and adding new names to the list of our speaking acquaintances. Mrs. E. and child were soon recognised by some southern friends, with whom there was a beautiful little girl of eight or ten years of age, who had attracted Mr. F.'s attention on board the boat from Norfolk to Baltimore, as resembling his only sister, and for whom, while on board the boat, he had pencilled a few lines of poetry, which the little girl now recited to them.

The next morning, at about eleven o'clock, little Rosa E. was seen running across the room at Congress Hall, with an immense bouquet in her tiny

hand, exclaiming, in her young joyousness, "Here, Mr. F., is a whole mess of flowers for you. Mother and I plucked them in 'Fayette Place, and Magdalen has kept them fresh and fair for you." Mr. F. caught the little girl in his arms and gave her a kiss of welcome meeting, and assured her that he should value the bouquet very much, as coming from his little friend, Rosa E. The bouquet arrested the conversation for a moment, while the peculiar beauties of the different flowers were pointed out ; and their rich perfume gave its fragrance impartially to all the little party, which had now collected in one corner of the room.

"How perfect is nature in all her creations," said Miss Ella V., as she inspected a beautiful white lily, which Mr. F. had selected for her. "And beauty, I am sure, to be perfect," she continued, "must have the modest look of these meek-eyed bells, which, by the gentle bend of their necks, seem too timid to endure the gaze of their admirers."

"*La Belle Nature*," said Le Roy. "A very good play upon words, Miss V."

"And nature is no less perfect in her colouring and contrasts," said Mrs. E., as she exhibited a beautiful moss-rose, whose splendid red petals had nearly bursted its brilliant green calix. "They say our enjoyments are heightened by contrasts, although, in feeling, I think our experience will

find less harmony in the sentiment than the eye perceives in nature's beautiful blending of colours."

"I have always felt my sympathies touched when gazing on the snow-drop," said Mr. F., as he cast his eyes on the dark weeds of the young widow; "it is the early harbinger of joyous spring-days, after the sad decay of winter months. If I mistake not, it is called the *emblem of consolation*, and I have somewhere seen a stanza to it :

'Thou spirit-flower, I'll pluck thy bell,
An offering for my breast:
When ills of life my bosom swell,
Thy prophet-flowers each storm shall quell,
And yield me promised rest.' "

"*Cui bono*?" said Le Roy, as he placed a beautiful cluster of small pinks, with a dwarf-white rose, in the braided hair of his lady. "I have often queried what flowers were good for. And yet, I thought Azile's hair graced the simple japonica last new-year's bridal-night—or the japonica graced her hair—which is it, now, friends?"

The eyes of all rested on the head-dress of Mrs. Le R., and they felt most truly that both the flowers and Mrs. Le Roy's person were nature's beautiful and perfect works.

"I remember," said Mr. F., "when I sympathized less than I now do in the sentiment, that we should 'look through nature up to nature's God.' My feelings never rose to positive emotion when study-

ing the character of the Creator through his works; or, rather, I did not study his character thus, and the sentence as given us by Mr. Pope always seemed to me to have something about it like affectation. I probably was peculiar, or, at least, I have come to feel differently from what I once did. I think we learn the character of God in his works as certainly, in many delightful particulars, as in his word. The *flowers* speak to us in beautiful illustration of the mind or characteristic being of God. If we see an ingenious mechanism that attracts our attention and surprise, we at once say that it must have been an *ingenious mind* that conceived and constructed it. So also with regard to whatever may awake the sublime in emotion, when we contemplate the works of man—as in the case of the politician or the philanthropist, who has conceived and carried to successful accomplishment a plan which has bestowed aggrandizement upon a nation and happiness upon a world. We say that he is a genius, a hero, a benefactor, as the case shall be. Apply this to the character of God. His conception of the system of the planetary worlds—his impelling them in their spheres with such fleet and unerring motion—performing their circuits in harmony and regularity, does not fail to impress the mind with the greatness and the sublimity of the mental character of God. But this gives us the *vast* and the *ingenious*, which

might yet be *unlovely*. But in the *beauties of nature* we read the loveliness of the character of God. It must have been a *beautiful mind* to have conceived these lovely flowers. Mr. Le Roy asks for their utility. It is to gratify and to render more happy and amiable a world, that God desired should be happy. He has first made us with susceptibilities that are pleased with beauty—given us perceptions to discover and appreciate this beauty, and placed before us beautiful objects thus for our contemplation and delight. Look now at this pink—the scallop-edges of its variegated leaves—its colour, which with Mrs. E. we admit to be perfect and inimitable—its fragrance—it is a perfect, *beautiful thing* of its kind, and it must have been a *beautiful mind* that conceived it, and formed it for our pleasure. It is thus we will see that God embraces in his character, in an infinite degree, all those qualities—commanding and beautiful characteristics, which we most admire in our most perfect conception of a most perfect human being, to whom we would give our admiration and love—intelligence, ingenuousness, sublimity and beauty, and poetry of thought; and dignity, greatness, and benevolence in action. Therefore when we are called upon to love such a Being, it is not that we should give our affection to an ugly, morose, austere, and unlovely existence, who has power to make us miserable if we do not love him; but it is

to one who embraces in his character all that is worthy of our admiration; all that can win affection, secure veneration, devotion and love, as a Being who has concerted for our greatest and enduring interests, and desires that we should be happy in the enjoyment of his familiar and enduring friendship. Who then would not love such a perfect Existence—such a beautiful Mind—such an elevated Being ?”

As Mr. F. put this question in a tone of softened feeling, his eye lingered on Miss Ella V., who for a moment seemed lost in the abstractions of her own mind, which had been excited by the remarks of Mr. F. As he ended, her involuntary sigh declared that emotion had been awakened in a bosom which had before mused with feeling on the language, “I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.”

“To me,” continued Mr. F., “as if answering his own question, there is an *inexpressible loveliness* in the character of God, as spoken forth from the exquisite and beautiful flowers of creation.”

“Come, Rosa,” he added abruptly, as he tossed the little girl upon his knee, “you and I must go and put these

‘Pinks and posies,
And violets and roses,
And rosemary tree,’

into a fresh tumbler of water. We will show Mrs.

Le Roy, however pretty that white rose now looks in her hair-braid, that we shall have more of the petals on ours at tea-time, than she will have."

The same evening Mr. F. sent a fresher bouquet, which he had culled from a private garden he visited during the day, accompanied with the following lines to Miss Ella V. :

Go forth, go forth, my sweet bouquet,
And find the maid that's light and gay,
And yet that *sometimes* sadness feels
When lonely thought the heart reveals.

Give out, give out thy rich perfume,
And bear to her thy odorous charm ;
Tell who thy tints of beauty gave,
And win from her the thoughts that save.

O say, O say there's not a flower
That decks the heath or lady's bower,
But tells that God his smile hath given
To woo the fearful soul to heaven.

And if, and if she press thee near
A heart that sometimes aches with care,
O point her to the Christian road,
And win her aching heart to God.

And if, and if thou e'er shouldst see
A struggling tear in Ella's eye,
More pearly than the gem of dew
That gilds thy leaves of loveliest hue ;

O tell her, tell a Saviour wept
O'er those whose hearts full sorrows kept,
Nor only tear for tear he gave,
But hopes once lost called from their grave.

And when, and when her heart and eye
Wake full of joy and merrily,
Tell her RELIGION will inspire
The bosom's gladdening joys the higher.

Bear then, bear then, my sweet bouquet,
To Ella forth this friendly lay,
And say she ne'er can be forgot,
While Friendship wakes the willing thought.

SECTION II.

THE party had spent several days very pleasantly at the Springs, where they met a number of New-York acquaintances, and others from the far-south, and added some names to their list of friendships, which will be remembered with enduring pleasure in their reminiscences of their JULY TOUR.

While they were thus pleasantly enjoying themselves at this delightful watering place, the writer left them for a hasty trip to Niagara, the other members of the party having visited the falls the preceding summer. A rapid passage, with occasional delays of a few hours for observation on the way, brought the writer to Buffalo, which, after a few hours stay, he left for Niagara.

NIAGARA ! It is as one leaves Buffalo, that he feels himself indeed on his way to the profoundest curiosity of a world. He may before have thought of Niagara, and read of it, and wished and expected at some future day to see it. But he now feels that he is indeed approaching it, that it is near at hand. His heart almost beats with double gushes as he leaves the dock at Buffalo, and finds the prow of his boat pointing towards NIAGARA. So I felt. Objects many and curious had passed under my review ;

but they are not to be recorded here, as having occurred within the time allotted to the incidents narrated in this volume. Many treasured associations had been located in the memory for future reminiscence. Friendships had been formed, which on my future course I trusted should light up with a new beam of enjoyment the shaded path of one's pilgrimage of earth. But all these associations, for the time, were forgotten, while we glided over the blue-green waters of the river Niagara, borne on by the rapid tide and steam at the rate of twenty miles the hour. Soon I caught a glimpse of a curling cloud in the northwest, rising in elongated and spiral columns above the forest, which crowned the shores of Canada and the American high grounds, as we sailed around in the eastern channel of Grand Island. We landed at Schlosser, two miles from the falls, and took a post-coach to the hotel, which is located on the American side, and shaken by day and by night by the eternal tide of waters, rolling down their thundering cataract a few rods in the rear of its doors.

It wanted a few minutes of three o'clock when we rose from the dinner-table. The day was pleasant, and the sun was shining with his brightest beam. I determined to take my *first view* of the falls.

It has been made a matter of some speculation with minds equally familiar with the beauties and

the sublimities of the different views of the falls, whether the *final impression* upon one's mind as a whole will be the most agreeable and deep if he takes his first view from the British or from the American side. Some affirm the one, some the other. Unable to decide for myself as to the better course, I determined that I would gain my first view from neither side. Consequently I should have to take a boat to accomplish my purpose, and, midway across the river, below the falls, make my observation. Accordingly, I started from the hotel *alone*. I pursued my way by the staircase, winding down the perpendicular descent to the edge of the river, between one and two hundred feet, to the ferry, where the small boat is always in readiness to convey passengers across to the British shore. When two-thirds of the way down this covered staircase, you come to an open point of ground, adjacent to the northern edge of the fall. Here the tremendous roaring of the American sheet of water, tumbling in its sublimity near you, tempts the passer-by to lift his eye. At this moment he sees an oval column of water, one third the width of the entire sheet, plunging down a perpendicular descent of a hundred and sixty-five feet, dashing up its clouds of dense mists from the caverns of rocks, into which the eternal tide rolls its exhaustless waters. The tremendous sound of the cataract, with the glimpse of the arched column of water thundering at your

side, heightens your imagination, and tends every moment to increase your sympathies to relish the full view of the extended rampart of waters, which is soon to spread itself before you.

From this position, without pausing, I descended to the boat, amid the ceaseless roar of the cataract and the tremblings of the earthquake, which here has no respite to its convulsions. Scarcely had I adjusted myself in my seat in the boat, before I found myself in a central position of the river. I turned my face full in view of the extended cataract. *The island* in the centre of the river, which, with its *perpendicular front* of a hundred and sixty feet above you divides the cataract into two falls, the one on its right the other on its left, was now seen *through the mists*, crested with its forest-trees. The boatman, for a moment, lay upon his oars. There it was, in its grandeur, in its sublimity, in its thunder. But what was it like? Earth had not its emblem. Had heaven? I thought it had. The island seemed to be moving forward in its majesty and terror through the mists, as if it were the ANGEL OF THE ALMIGHTY, flanked by his wings of light, and uttering his messages of thunder in a voice of many waters! I took a breath; and with the idea deep in my soul, I covered my face from the mists which were driving over us, and reached the British shore.

Having stepped my foot on the Canada side, I

paused on the rock's to reassure me of the reality of what I had seen, from the centre of the river. It was there ; and rolling on in its undiminished grandeur ! As I gazed, I twice detected a feeling of alarm lest the waters should cease their flow. But, thank God, they rolled on—they rolled on,—and shall roll on till the final catastrophe !

Gradually I took my way up the winding road, which leads to the top of the heights on the Canada side. At intervals, however, as I passed upwards, I paused to gain the different views from different positions as I advanced up the hill, and more particularly to analyze the sound, which broke upon the ear from the opposite American fall, and held the soul in profoundest admiration and delight.

In most descriptions of Niagara the sound of the cataract has been resembled to thunder. I could not trace this resemblance, in any one position in which I was placed. In a different state of atmosphere perhaps the sound of thunder may be heard, but I presume this resemblance will be found to exist, only as to the loudness of the cataract. Midway up the hill I paused. At this point, five dissimilar sounds were distinctly to be heard, as they were echoed in deafening roar from the American side. The first, commencing with the northern edge of the American fall, resembled the *dashing* of water over a mill-dam, although as much

louder as a peal of thunder exceeds the roar of a single cannon. The second sound is like the *quick and successive strokes* of the clapper of a grist-mill. The third is like the *grumbling sound* of the whirling millstone. The fourth is strikingly like the *gurgling roar* produced by the action of steam upon water, when let off from the boiler of a steamboat through the side of the vessel into the water. The *fifth sound* held me in amazement. I could find no resemblance, but it awed the soul, and spell-bound you to the spot, as if some unearthly voice had issued forth in a deep, cavernous and sepulchral cadence. I left the phenomenon unsolved. Delighted, and yet unsatisfied, while this last and unearthly roar of waters fell on my ear without finding its resemblance, I reached the top of the heights, and again gazed full on the enchanting, thrilling and overawing scene that lay before me.

By the time I had gained this eminence, I felt sufficiently fatigued to find a seat within the piazza of a little cottage, situated on the top of the hill, to be a very agreeable resting place. The location of this little rustic habitation gives one a complete view of the falls. The cottage itself is fitted up in the most fantastic of rural style. Here, on a settee of unbarked elm-boughs, bent into the attitude of a sofa, one may regale himself with as many cold ice-creams and hot cream-cakes as prudence

will allow, in full view of the magnificent scene of Niagara before him.

Refreshed and rested, I renewed my course for Table-Rock, distant three-quarters of a mile. While advancing to this point, you have the falls continually in view, but in different aspects from different points of your walk, until you gain the position in front of the museum, a sequestered and solitary building, when you again see the *flanked Angel*, with his wings of light, advancing forth amid the roar of cataracts and the glories of a felt and acknowledged Deity.

One's next position is on the Table-Rock, near the northern edge of the British side of the falls. Here, before you, and between yourself and the island, which with its perpendicular front divides the whole cataract into two falls, you have the nearest and most distinct view of the immense sheet of water on the British part of the river, called the horse-shoe, or crescent fall. It tumbles, *a literal ocean*, down a precipice of one hundred and fifty-eight feet. You stand in front of it, an admiring and entranced gazer. If you ask what it is like, you reply that there is but one Niagara in the world, and you cannot find its resemblance. The extended sea before you, as it urges on to its fatal plunge, is of a deep emerald-green. The current has raised it into the commotion of a tumultuous ocean, lashed by a storm at

sea ; and the emerald-billows, crested with their wrathful foam, plunge in continued columns down the tremendous abyss. You gaze, and the tide still rolls on. You gaze, and the emerald-ocean still plunges down the insatiable gulf. The foam boils in the caldron below, as if it were a river of crystal cascades, and the volumes of dense mists rise in fleecy clouds high above the rocky ramparts of the thundering ravine.

On the other flank of the central island, which fronts you, the river being cut obliquely by the whole fall, and at your left, as you stand on Table-Rock, you hear the roar of the American sheet of the cataract, blending its voice of waters with the thunderings of the tumbling ocean, that ingulfs itself beneath your feet. The view of the *grand whole* is now before you and complete. You take it in at a glance. You are a speck amid the sublimity of the surrounding scene. You feel that you could fall and adore it ! But you stand and gaze, and exclaim, Beautiful ! beautiful ! You stand, and again you gaze, and exclaim, Sublime ! sublime ! You stand, and again you gaze, but do not exclaim, yet THINK OF JUDGMENT, OF ETERNITY, OF GOD !

The morning which succeeded my afternoon visit to the Canada side, I recrossed from my lodgings on the American shore, with the design of entering under the sheet of water which constitutes the horse-shoe, or crescent fall.

It had been my good fortune to be thrown into the agreeable company of a Boston party, who were then at the falls. One of the ladies possessed a character of romance and spirit, and a delicacy of perception that sensitively appreciated the beautiful and the sublime. She was as fragile as a lily, and in delicate health, and yet, she was as fleet as the antelope and courageous as a warrior. She would cull rosemary from over the edge of Table-Rock ; stand, not without emotion, but without fear, on the trembling terrapin-bridge projecting over the falls, and gaze from it upon the rolling waters that plunged down in their terror, with their tremendous avalanches, and yet smile upon the emerald-green billow as it rolled by as a thing on which she would love to have laid her gentle cheek. And this lady would enter beneath the sheet of waters, that poured their ocean-flood down the crescent fall.

Having arranged our dresses for the adventure, I gave her my hand at the foot of the staircase, which winds down a hundred and fifty feet to the base of Table-Rock. Her younger friend, with a full and fair and rosy cheek, accompanied us, with her guardian as her attendant. "Are you ready?" asked the guide, and then we plunged into the mists beneath the tumbling sheet of waters ; and buffeted the winds, and the spray, and the storm, which contended, with all their opposing forces,

against our advance. But we dashed on in our dark path ; now losing sight of our guide, but a few paces ahead of us, our breath being literally blown out of our bodies by the gale that drove its currents of water pitilessly into our faces. I paused, exhausted ; and as soon as I could gather short sentences enough to express the propriety of returning, " Guide," added the lady, " can we go farther ? " " No farther, no farther," was the reply. " Then let us return," said the heroine ; and we found our passage back facilitated and easy, urged on as we were by the driving winds at our backs. Our friends, who started with us, had long before retreated, and had advanced but half way into the terrific passage traced by the heroine whom I escorted. It was a fete which might have shaken the nerves of a Trojan, when facing for the first time the dark and misty and tempestuous sublimities of this cavern of storms. " Lady," said the guide, before we entered, " if you are not courageous you had better not attempt it." And on my return to the passage to re-examine it, the guide was conducting a huge-boned, strong-set man, and on my proposing to take the lead, " No, sir, no, sir," said the guide, " keep behind, to prevent this gentleman from running back."

The sublimity of the scene, under this sheet of water, pouring down the crescent fall, and the excitement which must always attend one's first en-

trance by a shelving and somewhat slippery path, through dense mists and a continued storm of wind which drives the currents of water into one's face, exhausting one's breath and strength, altogether surpasses what I had previously conceived; and it should be particularly described to the individual before he enters, that he may expect it. It is said, and I can readily believe it to be true, that a lady, through fear, fainted beneath this sheet of water, after having proceeded but a short distance along this passage of mists and storms. The path leads in alongside the mountain-rock, which overhangs one's head a hundred and more feet, and from the outer edge of the narrow path, quite the whole distance of the passage, the loose pieces of rock which have fallen in scales from above you, slope down with a fearful slant of some forty feet to the water's edge, where the boiling caldron is some hundreds of feet deep. And yet the winds, created by the current of the ocean of waters continually falling from above, blow against you so furiously, that they pin you to the side of the overhanging bulwark, which forms the rocky Atlas to support the weight of the superincumbent sea. It is thus that the gale saves the adventurer from what would otherwise be an inevitable plunge into the whirling gulf below.

The same day, after I had entered beneath the sheet of water which tumbles over the crescent

fall, I took a guide to pass over the grounds, which are usually visited as points of observation, on the American side.

Besides the large central island which divides the cataract into what are known as the American and the British sides, the American sheet of water is again divided by a *small island*, which is near the central island, and leaves a narrow sheet of water to pass between the two, called the central fall. The water, though immense, which rushes through this narrow pass, is yet less than a sixteenth part of the American sheet.

When I was on the Canadian shore, taking my first views of the cataract, it was this lesser sheet of water, or the central fall, with which I had identified the deep, terrific, and subterraneous sound, which left its rumbling and sepulchral tones impressed upon the soul of the enchained and admiring listener. The same identified rumbling cadence of waters was now heard beneath my feet, as I stood upon the trunk of a felled tree, which forms the little bridge between the two islands. From this position, with the intention of going beneath the immediate spot where I was then standing, I pursued my way to Biddle's staircase, which one descends by spiral steps to the foot of the rock, constituting the perpendicular front of the central island, and which divides the American from the crescent or British fall. From the foot of the steps,

turning to the right, I pursued the path under the rock to a point which was directly beneath the top of the central fall, which I had left but a few moments before. Here I paused. It was at the mouth of the *cave of the winds*.

The rain had been descending during the morning, and the mists, as is usual after a storm, were now rising in denser clouds from the abyss. The sun was two hours above the hills, and throwing his full beams across from the Canada side into the misty opening of the cave. The southwest wind was blowing with tremendous force directly into the cavern, over the mouth of which, as a defying barrier, the curved sheet of the fall poured down its eternal avalanche, amid the tremblings of the earthquake, and a grumbling and cavernous roaring, in comparison with which distant thunders are but the breathings of a sleeping infant. The small flat rock on which I stood abruptly ends the path, from which one looks down into a deep below, which extends its waters far back into the cavernous rock, down from the brow of which these ceaseless currents flow. Here, *the mystery* was solved. And here I met the spectacle which surpassed all that I had yet beheld. The deep, rumbling, subterraneous sound, which sunk heavily with its sublime impressions on the spirit as I listened on the opposite shore, was now fully solved. It came, with its sepulchral echoes and subterraneous reverberations, from the

mouth of the concealed cavern, at the entrance of which I was now standing. The cataract, pouring down its tide from above, and plunging upon the dimly discovered rocks beneath, carried with it a current of wind, at this moment augmented by the southwest, into the dark and yawning passage. All other sounds were swallowed up by its sepulchral tones, as they roared in distinguishable thunders above all other noises of the two larger cataracts. I placed my head around the point of rock to look within the yawning cavern, now rendered doubly frightful by the clouds of mist, which the ceaseless currents of wind bore into the reverberating recesses. My soul was already up to the pitch of emotion where I could have fallen and adored the sublime. I shuddered at the terrific scene. It was the only place where I had trembled. But while I gazed in terror, my eye fell entranced upon a *bow of peace*, which now vividly encircled itself on the whirling mists, as they sailed in troubled clouds into the dark recess. What could add to the scene? The bow crowned the head of the most fearful personification of the sublime which this world affords. It inlaid itself around the edge of the expanded cavity, forming a perfect circle, with but a small break at my feet. I gazed in profoundest awe, while the winds were driving their streams of waters in one unabating storm against me. And still I gazed. It seemed as if the GOD OF WRATH WERE SMILING

THROUGH HIS BOW OF PROMISE. I turned with a shudder from the scene ; but, ere I left for ever, I rushed back once more to look, to fear, to adore !

From the cave of the winds, classically called *Æolus' Cave*, I returned towards Biddle's staircase, and passing it, advanced forwards beneath the rock, to examine the American side of the crescent fall. But the southwest wind was blowing so heavily, the spray which it dashed against me would not permit a near approach to the edge of the crescent sheet. Returning, I ascended the staircase, and, above, wound my way to the terrapin-bridge, which extends three hundred feet out from central island, and projects ten feet over the crescent fall. Here I stood for a few moments—met a number of friends—said a few words—and expecting again to return to this position, which is supposed by some to be the best view of the whole cataract, I hastily entered the tower, which stands a few feet distant from the bridge. The appearance of rain, and the hour of sunset being near, induced me, without delay, to wind my course around the island—passed the residence of the hermit, poor fellow, who one day was found drowned below the falls—and at length reached the hotel in a shower of rain, almost equal to the peltings of the merciless currents of water under the crescent fall.

Shall I say it ? I went not again to the terrapin-bridge. And to speak about what I examined

not with that particularity by which I was to gain definite feelings, would not be more in taste than was my sudden departure from Niagara the succeeding morning, contrary to my previous purpose of spending two days longer in delightful communion with these scenes, amid which one must be far sunken in degradation if he is not rendered a devout worshipper of his God.

"Well, Jerry," I asked at the tea-table, "what were your impressions, on the Table-Rock?"

Jerry was a new acquaintance, among those I had formed after leaving Saratoga, and who loved life for its bright things and smiling faces.

"Why," said he, "I believe, for once in my life, I felt quite happy; and, may be, if for nothing else than for mere oddity's sake, I had a spice of your devotion, and, like Pope, who was devotional only in some of his poetic hours, I might have been disposed to look

'Through nature up to nature's God.'

But the prevailing idea in my mind while gazing on the crescent fall, was, that *we ought to fight for it*. England has no right to half of what is so wholly American. And if I should ever be engaged in running boundary lines between the two nations, (a thing you know not quite impossible since I am a Jackson-Van Buren man,) I would make it a *sine qua non* of opening the negotiation, that the cres-

cent fall should be included within the boundary of Uncle Sam's lands."

"Well, Jerry," said Fritz, another new acquaintance, "as I stood upon the Canada shore, I could not divest myself of the idea of the embattled armies of England and America arrayed the one against the other. How calm, how confident, how self-possessed I thought the American sheet spread out its wider and higher and brighter and *untarnished* front. But it seemed like American infantry, compared with English artillery. The crescent fall is heavier, immensely, in the body of water that rolls down in solid phalanxes to the terrible conflict below. But I thought of Erie, Champlain, and New-Orleans, and what were numbers, or weight of artillery? There was a secret on the American shore, where, after all, lay concealed the greatest sublimity and terrific power. I thought of the subterranean passage of the winds. And I felt and I knew that the undeveloped power of the American land would not yield—could not yield—to any other in sublimity, in energy, in prowess."

"And I," said the enthusiastic heroine, whom I had accompanied under the crescent fall, and with her eye turned almost wickedly on Jerry, "felt vexed enough this morning to have shoved a hugely sensitive gentleman from the Table-Rock, had I been favoured with assistance, who was there *cracking almonds, in front of Niagara!*"

"Mercy for him!" exclaimed Jerry, "mercy for him! He doubtless was some one of the British-side boarders at the pavilion. I happened to be there, this morning, at breakfast, by invitation of a friend; and neither money nor love could secure more than one cup of coffee, and no bread nor butter. The captain-landlord, with his white gloves on, sauntered into the room after the breakfast table was being removed, and swore, by old England and all the Canadas, that the fault was the cook's. He called the cook into the room, and with his unblackened boots, kicked this marvellously unwashed professor of the kitchen-science three times around the room, and four times across it. The thing had gone off tolerably well, had not one of the other waiters let out an immaterial fact, that the landlord had previously feed the cook with a dollar, to submit to the indignity of being *booted* by his master."

"Forgive him, forgive him!" was the general appeal to the lady, in compassion for the *unbreakfasted almond-cracker*, on Table-Rock.

"Well, well," said the heroine, "we will forgive him. But had it been myself, I should have thought that I was about being petrified into one of the many favasites, so abundantly found among the organic remains of this limestone formation."

SECTION III.

ON the morning after my return from the Falls to Saratoga, two extra coaches were seen at the door of Congress Hall. In a few moments more they were on their way to Lake George. Our party occupied one of them. We paused a short time at Glenn Falls, as do others when they have not been over the route before, and recalled the associations connected with romance and history, which have identified the grounds in the neighbourhood with warlike and bloody doings.

Mr. F., with little Rosa E. by the hand, was seen on one point of the rocks, near a position where Ella V. and Mrs. E. had climbed, and others were scattered at the different points of observation, as they were severally attracted by the caves in the limestone, or the tumbling of the amber-coloured waters as they rush down the rocky and narrow ravines, which they have cut through the limestone strata over which they are ceaselessly flowing. On their return, they gathered from the crevices of the rocks the beautiful blue-bells, so characterized for their love of the waterfall and limestone crags.

There is a golden chain by which nature has bound all her works together, showing that the

Creator of one part of this world is the Author of the other. The eye is made for light, and light is made for the eye ; the lungs for the air, and air for the lungs ; the wing of the bird to cut the aerial liquid, and the liquid atmosphere to buoy up the pliant wing of the bird. And that golden chain, that binds man to all nature, is sympathy. He looks at the mountain, and it awakens in his bosom an emotion he calls the sublime, and it makes him happy. He looks over an extensive plain varied by cultivated fields and forest tracts, and village and rivulet winding through verdant meadows or round woodland acclivities, and he calls it beautiful, because it excites within him, as he gazes upon it, a feeling of his bosom which he denominates the beautiful in emotion. And God has so arranged his constitution and external nature, that such shall be the sympathetic impression of the silent language of inanimate nature upon the feelings of his sensitive and rational creatures. And it shows the benevolence of the God of nature that such is the constitution of things.

This was the substance of the conversation of our party the evening after we had sailed up the beautiful Lake George, and enjoyed the scenery of its enchanting mountains, and fairy isles, and stilly waters, which this day had slept as unrippled as if no agitating gust had ever disturbed the quiet of their unruffled bosom.

The party had been over the grounds memorable for the battles fought upon them, and the sacrifice of blood in the border-war, when France and England arrayed their banners in hostile display, and savages joined in the fray to receive their rewards for the white man's scalp in the plunder of the colonist. The olden forts were visited ; Ticonderoga at one end of the lake, and forts William Henry and George at the other. Two leaden bullets were found in the field by Miss V. incrustated with the oxide of years ; and the day had passed off with many a gleeful remark of Le Roy's, and amid the good cheer of a colloquial party of pleasure, who were alive to the beauties of nature, to the recollections of olden historic associations, and the repartee and the *jeu d'esprit* of those who sought to render the passage of time like the flight of the carrier pigeon, that bears to a lady-love the message of her devoted.

The sun had fallen beneath the high hills on the western side of the lake, and the mellow moment that succeeded it threw its enchantment over the scene in front of the lake house. The shadows of the mountains had elongated themselves into the lake, while a straggling cloud far up in the heavens yet retained its gold and purple, while it watched from its high throne the receding chariot wheels of the god of day.

"All's ready," cried Le Roy, from the edge of

the lake ; and the party were soon seated in a small boat, with a bugleman at the bow, for a twilight-sail on the lake, to hear the reverberating echoes as they go the round from hill to hill, while the bugle-player sends forth his notes over the bosom of the enchanted waters. We had shot out a distance from the shore ;—the boatmen lay upon their oars ;—the bugle broke the stillness of the spell-bound scene.

“ Good God ! ” exclaimed Le R., as the echo bounded from mountain to mountain, with its cadence *five times* repeated, while the bugleman rested at the end of each bar of the tune he was playing.

“ Glorious ! glorissima ! ” said a sweet lily-cheek lady, who had been characterized for her little speaking in the party, but who had studied Latin ; while Ella V. sat with her hands clasped, and her eye fixed in abstraction, as it rested on the curved line which the high peaks of the surrounding mountains described on the horizon. The company thought this the proper attitude, and in silence listened to the echoes, as they came forth like spirit-voices from the mountains, in repetition of the bugle-notes that broke in the sweet cadence of their music on the waters.

“ How must the soldier of the early wars,” at length said Mr. F., “ have been thrilled, as the full band awaked its martial music amid these reverberating hills, with all the heightening circum-

stance of an European enemy and a savage foe around them! And yet, if a man could ever be brave, while facing the mouth of an enemy's cannon, it seems to me that this would be the place. The scene is in keeping with the spirit of glory, which they say so prevails in the soldier's breast."

"And how must the bosom of the gallant Abercrombie have swelled," said Ella V., waking from her dream, as she unconsciously waved her hand over the waters, "when he saw his fifteen thousand men embarked in their boats, on this very sheet of water, and at this very point, for an attack on Ticonderoga! It was a gallant sight, as their light boats skimmed over the bosom of the lake, but they little dreamed of the coming, and, to them, shameful reverse."

The boatmen dipped their oars again, and shot the boat a few rods further on her course, while the bugle-player had ceased his notes during the interval of conversation.

"Come, now," said Mrs. E., "we must have one air before we leave this mellow scene. It is indeed enchanting; and the one who favours us shall be remembered in the lovely associations of the hour. Ella, shall it be you?"

"No, no," replied Ella V., "nothing but what is strictly in keeping with the scene shall be permitted to mingle in the future associations of this enchanted hour. Mr. F. is our impromptu-resort; and from some of his pencillings to day, which he was

so kind as to show me, I am sure he will gratify us with something that shall be remembered as the
MUSIC OF THE LAKE.

Mr. F. was possessed of a fine voice, with a delicate perception in adapting his intonation to the sense of the words without theatrical affectation; and as he never made apologies when he could give his friends around him pleasure by his singing, he complied at once with the request, as the boatmen again lay upon their oars.

MUSIC OF THE LAKE.

There's music in the zephyr-breeze
That freshens on the lake,
And bears wild odours of the trees
To greet fair lady's cheek.

There's music in the ripple-wave
That curls upon the lake,
As on the shore, in sunset rays,
The leaping circlets break.

There's music in the echo's voice
That wakes upon the lake,
As bugle-notes, from hill to hill,
Their mellowed cadence speak.

There's music of the mountain side
Seen mirrored in the lake,
With light and shade and deep ravine,
And high and crested peak.

But zephyr-breeze, and ripple-wave,
And echoes of the lake,
And mountain-side with shade and light,
And charm of cloud-cap peak,

Their sweetest music half would lose
 Were *friends* not at our side,
 While gently in our bonnie boat
 O'er moon-lit lake we glide.

But here we've Ella's speaking eye
 And joyousness of heart,
 Which charms of richest harmony
 To passing scenes impart.

And Rosa E., with liliated cheek,
 Her sympathy awakes,
 As now the narrow pass we seek,
 Or trace the distant peaks.

And Georgie, with his bridal-fair,
 Yields oft impromptu-gee,
 That makes us say, with softened heart,
 "May God bless both of ye."

Then onward glide our bonnie boat,
 To course the moon-lit way,
 While here we treasure many a thought
 To light another day.

"Give way, men," said Mr. F. after a moment's pause, as he concluded his song, "the ladies will be unable themselves to gratify us with music, after their return, if they shall be much longer exposed to this evening air. Give way, men."

The bugleman struck up the "Bonnetts of Blue," and in a few moments more, we were again treading the lovely lawn of the lake house.

SECTION IV.

THE party left Lake George the next morning, on their return to Saratoga. The succeeding morning they were on their way to Boston—passing through Lebanon, Pittsfield, and Northampton, where they delayed a day or two, visiting several attractive scenes in the neighbourhood of this enchanting region of the valley of the Connecticut.

On the evening of their arrival they strolled through the town, and enjoyed the embowered walks of this beautiful town. We entered the ancient burial ground of this place, which was one of the first settlements on the banks of the Connecticut. Le Roy possessed a passion and a readiness for deciphering olden inscriptions, and found ample opportunity here for the exercise of his facility in reading almost illegible inscriptions on the moss-covered tablet and tombstone. We paused a moment at the monument of the SAINTED BRAINERD,

“ Where curious pilgrims often tread
To pay due honours to the dead.”

The next morning the party crossed the river and rode to the foot of Mount Holyoke. The

barouche ascended the acclivity a short distance, when the party alighted and wound their way up a steep path to the top of the mountain.

The view from Mount Holyoke is probably unsurpassed, for its beauty in rural landscape, by any other in the country. The fields of the plain below are richly cultivated; and the rectangular plots checker, with the various shaded green of their products, the extensive meadows which spread themselves on either side of the Connecticut. The river itself is seen winding through the velvet landscape like a silver ribbon, bisecting a field of green, and forming at this point the great bend of this beautiful stream, once known by the Indian name as "the river of pines." Several villages are in view with their beautiful spires, and white houses, embowered by trees, and exhibiting a scene of rural loveliness and peace so characteristic of New England quiet and thrift.

A small wooden house is the only building on the plain of the summit of Mount Holyoke, for the accommodation of the visitors to the summit, where a few cakes and a register-book are the only things which are addressed to the tastes, mental and physical, of those who seek the height. The party here rested themselves, after the fatigue of the ascent; and Mr. F. possessed himself of a curious Indian war-club which the huckster had exposed upon his stand. It was roughly carved from a piece of heavy wood, apparently of the

yellow locust, some eighteen or twenty inches in length, and terminated at the but-end by a knob, and so balanced in its proportions as to enable an athletic arm to inflict a deadly blow upon the head.

The party severally selected their points of preference in the prospect before them ; and Mr. F. and Miss V. had been culling some wild flowers and curiously scalloped leaves from the arbutus and other running vines and shrubs. They were now seated on a rock, with the extensive and enchanting prospect before them.

"There is a calm loveliness in this beautiful view before us," observed Miss V., "and such scenes harmonize most sweetly with my feelings, when I am most happy. Do you not think the heart is made better by contemplating the beauties of nature, which thus affect it ?"

"I think so," replied Mr. F. It is a species of the serene in emotion which awakes, and you will recognise it as being originated by various objects. Music has the power, when the plaintive air finds its kindred chord within the bosom. And there is something like it on the still and solitary wood-path in autumn, when your steps rustle the newly fallen leaves of the forest ; and again, as you stand on the edge of an expanse of smooth water, from whose silver bosom the shadows of the trees, which edge the banks of the stream or lake, are mirrored back in their mellowed loveliness."

"I have felt it," said Miss V., "but I am less

accustomed to analyze my feelings and search for their causes than you are. And yet, your idea must be equally true when associated with the emotion of the sublime."

"I know not that I am peculiar," returned Mr. F., "but I have always been fond of the mountain. There is nothing mean in it, ever; and who can go through the pass of the highlands of the Hudson and not feel that there is majesty and purity written on the grander works of nature? The same emotion is felt as one stands on the sea-shore and watches the inrolling of the green billow, as it curls its crest like the plume of some mighty knight, advancing in its roar and foam to break on the beach. The feelings are not materially different in the two cases, though the objects that awaken them are as different as land is from ocean and height from the plain. That the heart is bettered, as you suppose, in the contemplation of those objects of nature which legitimately awaken these feelings, I have no doubt. And the effect would invariably discover itself, if there were no counteracting influences to destroy the tendencies of external nature to refine and elevate the character, in mellowing and quickening the susceptibilities of the soul. Indeed I think that most of those qualities we admire in the character of the original inhabitants of this country, are to be attributed to their familiarity with the wild and beautiful and sublime scenes of

nature, among which they roamed. We see it in their eloquence, the metaphors they use—in their courage, the bold daring of their deeds. And it is said ever to have been difficult if not impossible to conquer a people whose dwellings have been pitched among mountainous regions. The Highlanders of Scotland, and the Alpine Swiss, and, if you please, the New Englanders are cited as examples, while the inhabitants of soft and beautiful Italy submit to their chains, in effeminate and obsequious ease.

“I am sure I have felt an exhilaration of spirits when ascending the elevated summits of mountainous regions and gaining distant prospects, that made me feel capable of all virtuous action, and caused me to resolve on deeds which I almost forgot again when in the plains below,” observed Miss V.

“There doubtless is an effect upon the physical system,” continued Mr. F., “in the rarefied state of the atmosphere of the mountain heights, which excites like exhilarating gas. The travellers over the Cordilleras of the Andes and the Alps, remark thus of it, though at too great heights the rarefication becomes painful. And we even here feel the generous effect of the pure air, as it is often so called, of the mountain; and a noble sentiment never passes through the mind without leaving it something bettered, whether or not it leads to action. We have an anecdote of a revolutionary soldier, showing that the

uncultivated as well as the refined are susceptible of this elevating feeling. He was stationed among the troops at West Point, and had climbed to the heights overlooking that station; and casting his wide gaze abroad, his elevated feeling, evidently became the gauge of his ascent, as he extended his hand and exclaimed, "Attention the world—to the right wheel, forward march!"

"The soldier at that moment of feeling, at least, must have been prepared to lead armies to the battle," said Miss V.

"He was, in emotion and courage; and needed only science to have enabled him to accomplish what would have been only natural effects in the state of feeling which he then was in, but which would have been far beyond the capacity of his usual powers. And so of those noble chieftains who once roved these beautiful fields beneath us, and forests around us, and not only then called this wide land theirs, but felt that it was all their own. Here, on this very spot," continued Mr. F., "where we now are, an Indian council once was held, as olden legend says. And as the red warrior cast abroad his look from this elevated place could he for a moment have hesitated, in his excitement and elevated feeling, as to an attack upon the feeble settlement of the colonists he saw beneath him, which he was now beginning to believe, would one day disinherit him of his extensive domain?"

"Was there an Indian council gathered at this spot?" asked Miss V., as she rose and cast her view over the plain of the summit, presenting a cleared area of a few rods square, and studded in the rear by the deep forest of the mountain which still embowered its ancient sides.

"Yes, Miss V.," said Mr. F., as his hand arrested the war-club, which was rolling down the rock, occasioned by the movement of Miss V., who again assumed her seat. "Hadley, the village you see on our right with its pretty spire towering above the elms, and which we shall pass through on our ride this evening to Amherst, was a point of repeated attacks of the savage foe, in the early settlement of the colonists. This village was located earlier than Northampton, its opposite neighbour; and several times were the inhabitants near being entirely massacred. The time of the council, however, to which I particularly allude, was in 1675, when Philip, king of the Wampanoags, endeavoured to effect a general rising of all the tribes throughout New England, that they might overwhelm all the settlements in a common ruin, and rid themselves, at once, of the envied and hated pale-faces. The little church occupied the same spot where you now see its later and finer specimen of a church edifice; and the dwellings, to some considerable number, stand on their old sites. It was in the autumnal season, the 19th of November.

The Indians, during the earlier months of July, August, and September, had been falling on other places, in the interior and along the coast. The large tribe of the Narragansetts had made a treaty with the Connecticut colonists, but it was evident that they were harbouring some of Philip's men contrary to the stipulation of the treaty, and it was known that some of the young Narragansett warriors were among the Wampanoags and other Indians in their descent upon other settlements of the colonies. Numbers of the planters had been killed, and their women and children murdered or taken into captivity. Having lived familiarly among the colonists, the Indians were acquainted with every path that led to the dwellings of the planters. The deep wilderness, existing everywhere except in the few cleared places in the neighbourhood of the settlers, enabled the Indians, in great numbers or singly, to conceal themselves, and suddenly or by stealth to make their attacks, and even to approach into the very midst of the dwellings of the settlements. They entered by cover of night into the out-houses, barns, and gardens, and there waited the break of day to shoot down the first one of the family that should open the outer door, on the very threshold of their dwellings. It had become dangerous for man, woman or child to venture abroad ; and the Indians attacked the whites as they went to the field, gathered to their meals,

and when worshipping in their assemblies. Deerfield, seen a few miles in this direction," continued Mr. F., pointing to the north, "was nearly destroyed; and to secure the provisions, it was resolved to convey a large quantity of wheat to Hadley, here beneath us, and to fortify this town as a garrison. A number of the choicest young men of the country were collected to guard the teams on their way hither and back. They were attacked by 800 Indians so suddenly that nearly all of them were cut off. Ninety of this band, composed of the best young men of the settlers, were thus massacred with their captain, Lathrop, to whose relief Captain Mosely hastened from Deerfield, but was too late to yield the needed succour, and had with his men to contend with the whole force of the Indians for hours, when Major Treat, of the Connecticut colony, distinguished for his enterprise and bravery through all the Indians wars, came up to the rescue and beat back the Indians, and saved the remaining force of Captain Mosely, which otherwise would have been cut off to a man.

"At about the same time Springfield, a short distance at the south of us, which you may indistinctly see in this direction, was surprised by the Indian warriors. The Indians of the neighbourhood had a fort, about a mile from town; and so firmly did the villagers believe in their fidelity and friendship, that the inhabitants of Springfield

would not credit the messenger which had been sent to them from Windsor to assure them that it was the design of the Indians about them to rise against the place the next morning. This information had been communicated by a friendly Indian of Windsor, on which a despatch was sent to Springfield to warn its inhabitants to be prepared, and another messenger was sent to Major Treat, who was at Westfield with the handful of Connecticut troops. The Springfield people, however, felt no alarm, and made no preparations for defence. It proved a fearful incredulity. Philip had inveigled the Indians of the neighbourhood, and had conveyed three hundred of his warriors into their fort but a mile distant from the town, under cover of the night before the meditated attack. In the morning after the arrival of the news of the treacherous designs of the wily foe, the captain in charge of the garrison at Springfield, to evince his unconcern, mounted a horse, and a friend another, to ride to the fort, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the report, which they discredited. The Indians fired upon them at their approach. The friend fell; the captain, being an athletic man and of unusual strength, succeeded in retaining his seat upon his horse, and returned to give the alarm, though he had received four balls through his person. The Indians rushed on without delay; and the whole of the inhabitants of Springfield would have fallen a sacrifice before

the Indian foe in the confusion of the town and the absence of a commander, had not that ever indefatigable leader, Major Treat, made his appearance with his force at the very moment of the attack, and after a fearful rencounter drove back the enemy.

"This same Major Treat had left Springfield again to save Norwich from an expected attack from the Indians, but while on his way he received countermanding orders and returned to Northampton, lying now so beautifully before us. The plan of attack on Hadley had been concerted by the Indians. It was October 19th. More than eight hundred warriors from different tribes were collected in the neighbourhood. Here, on this spot, as legend tells us, was held the powaw or religious dance and council, the day and evening before the attack. Cononchet,, son of Miantonimoh, was present, chief of the Narragansetts, who inherited from his father all that disdain for the English, which we have read of as characteristic of the early Indian. And with him were a number of his *paniese*, as his counsellors were called. He pointed out to the chiefs the extended fields, as he directed their eyes to the different views which lie before us, then covered in a dense forest, and forming at that autumnal season of the year a panoramic view in its dyes, surpassing the present for its grandeur if not for its beauty. He said, The pale faces offer you breath, if you will bury the hatchet and yield

to them. They will allow you fields for the hunt, and the streams for your fishing places. But are the red man's nostrils to be fed by the air of the pale-face? Does not Kitchtan, the good spirit who dwells in the far southwest, give breath to his red children? And are not these hunting grounds already ours? The pale skins should ask you, if their hooks may dip in the river of pines for your salmon, and the mountain-streams for your trout. Children of Kitchtan, the spirit of Miantonimoh, my father, says the fair hunting grounds beyond the setting sun await the red man who hates the pale-face. "And see," continued the chief, as he extended his brawny arm and small hand, standing on the mount at the moment a bronze warrior prouder than a Napoleon on the Alps, with his finger pointing to the falling orb, "See, warriors! there is blood on the face of the departing Kitchtan, that says the red veins of the pale-face must be opened; and the dye on the leaf of the sugar tree on our forest trails asks for the bloody scalps of the soft-haired enemy. Who longer will be a woman? The pale-face quails. Their wigwams are smoking. Their women weep around our fires. The pale-face flies before the red-skins. Who longer will be a woman? *Cononchet would spurn to taste his blood!*"

The dance of the powaws, and the yells of the savages in their paint mingling with the rattling of their shells, which they shook with wild starts,

and violent motions and passions, continued long, that night, the revel and the superstitious rite!

It was a fortunate circumstance that the council and the dance of the powaw was held at this spot, as the lights, at night, served as an admonition to the people of Hadley and Northampton, that there were Indians about them, and caused them to be in preparation for the sudden assault.

The daylight of the succeeding morning had just begun to streak the east, when the whole force of the Indians, agreeably to their arrangement, made a general onset upon every part of the town of Hadley. At the first alarm the women and children fled to the stockaded houses. The fight was continued and obstinate. It had not raged long, however, before Major Treat, the ever ready leader, hurried across the river from Northampton to the assistance of the Hadley people. But the Indians fought with desperation. They were flushed by previous success, and had come to the attack with a boldness and unyielding determination, which had never before so fully characterized their spirit of vengeance and daring. The colonists were becoming exhausted in the long fight, and the overpowering numbers of the yelling foe, when, as if by some enchantment of supernatural power, a venerable looking man, with silvered locks and a peculiar dress, made his appearance at the head of the forces, renewing and encourag-

ing and directing the onset of the English against the Indians. No weapon of the enemy seemed to reach him ; and the exhausted band, in the religious credulity of the age, believing that some angel had been sent from heaven to fight their battle in their distress, renewed and continued their efforts, charging the foe with a terrible slaughter, and driving them from the field. The Indians retreated, disheartened by their loss ; and immediately after left this region of the country, and took up their headquarters with the Narragansetts on the seaboard.

“And what became of the hoary-headed veteran ?” asked Miss Ella V., after a short pause, during which each seemed to look with renewed interest on the village of Hadley and the plains over which its houses and cleared lands are now seen spreading, in quiet and loveliness.

“Many remarkable stories were narrated about the action and the appearance of the extraordinary personage, who had so unaccountably and suddenly appeared among the colonists, and as remarkably disappeared, for he was never heard of afterwards. There is a secret history, however,” continued Mr. F., “connected with the private dwelling house you see in this direction of the town, which solves the mystery. It stands on the corner of the main street and the road we shall take to Amherst this evening ; and we will pause with the recollections of the story at this memorable resi-

dence. It was occupied at that time by the Rev. Mr. Russell, the clergyman of the place, with a descendant of whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted. And there is a part of the building which was never entered by any one except the family. Here, he sheltered two of the regicides, as they were termed, for having occupied a seat among the judges who decided the fate of Charles the first of England, and who, according to their decision, was beheaded. On the accession of Charles the second, after the death of Cromwell the Protector, Goff and Whalley, who had been generals in Cromwell's army, were excepted from the number of the judges, to whom the royal favour extended pardon, notwithstanding the sentence they had given against his relative. They, in the change of affairs, had fled to New England, trusting to the sympathies of the Puritans, whose cause Cromwell and the judges had supported in England, and successfully, while the Protector survived, against the church party and legitimacy. Goff and Whalley first arrived at Boston, where they were kindly received. But when it was learned that the king had excepted them from the pardon, and fixed a price upon their heads, and forbid any of his subjects to harbour them, the government of Boston became alarmed lest they should incur the displeasure of the second Charles. The two regicides therefore left Boston and sought safety at New Haven, at the residence of the Rev.

Mr. Devenport; and afterwards, on the arrival of commissioners from England to apprehend them, they retired from the town to a cave, still called the Judges' Cave, composed of two high rocks on the most western of the two dark bluffs, which we see hereaway at the south now eighty miles from us. Their situation becoming too much exposed, the two exiles fled to this village of Hadley, and were received by the reverend Mr. Russell, who gave them shelter, secrecy, and sustenance. Goff had died or was unwell at the time of the attack of the Indians; and Whalley was the appearing angel, whose arm rendered such service on that gloomy day."

The different members of the party having satisfied themselves with the various views from Mount Holyoke, began their descent from the summit, less difficult and fatiguing than the climbing of the mountain by the same winding path. The writer was in the advance, with most of the group, while Mr. F., with little Rosa E. by the hand, and Miss V. upon his arm, was latest in accomplishing the descent. He assisted Miss V. and the little Rosa to their seats in the barouche, and placed himself beside them, while the rest of the party had preferred to advance on foot, a short distance down the hill. The driver was soon in his place; when the horses, at first, started gently, but in consequence of some neglect in the adjustment of the harness,

the gear alarmed the off-horse, which soon frightened the other. They had already increased their speed, and soon became unmanageable. Sheering suddenly to the right, the wheel of the barouche passed over a rock and threw the driver from his seat, and the reins, at the same time, passed through his hands. The alarm, of course, had become great. The horses had already passed ourselves as we were walking down the slight declivity, and the ladies screamed as they shot by, which frightened the animals yet more, now at the top of their speed on the level. Mr. F. was seen at this moment moving from his seat, as if he were in search for the reins, and soon threw himself over the driver's seat—placed his foot upon the pole—and sprung upon the near horse. Elevating his war-club, he levelled a tremendous blow at the head of the off-horse. The animal fell beneath the heavy stroke ; but the check it gave to the vehicle, pitched the heroic rider several feet into the fence, on the left of the horses. He rose as suddenly, apparently having received no injury, and seized the reins of the rearing and pitching horse. We immediately came up, and received Miss V. and the little girl from the vehicle.

“There, Messieurs Chevals Blanc and Blond—better tomahawk ten horses than injure a limb of one descendant of the Puritans.”

The voice of Mr. F., as he thus spoke, was as

calm as was his purpose, while every muscle of his person trembled with the excitement. He soon calmed the restless beast ; and the driver coming up, convinced himself and the party, that the scalp of the fallen animal was now his only value. The dilemma, however, of one horse and a two horse vehicle was soon relieved by the appearance of a countryman, on horseback, whose animal served to match our surviving cheval ; and we were again on our return way, finishing without further accident our short ride, and grateful for the rescue, but highly enjoying the ludicrous incident of Mr. F.'s felling the noble steed with an Indian war-club.

SECTION V.

THE party, having finished their visits in the neighbourhood of Northampton, set off for Boston, passing through Worcester, that place of antique papers and good modern taste ; and reached the Tremont House in the city of Boston, on Thursday morning.

The party walked and rode to various places, in and about the city.

"Give me that little book, Rosa," said Mr. F. to Rosa E., who was carrying a beautiful little Testament which her mother had purchased, as they stopped at a book-store in Boston, on their ride through town an hour before, on their way for visiting MOUNT AUBURN, the beautiful cemetery some three miles from the city.

The different members of the party had been threading the paths of these beautiful grounds, winding among the groves and their embowered tombs ; and each one indulging the meditations which the sad but beautiful monuments of the dead called up to their minds. They were now gathered from their different walks to a circular bench on an elevated position, which commanded the view of several rich obelisks of marble and granite. Mr. F. saw that the eye of Mrs. E. was

wet, and rightly judged that she had been thinking of some, whom she had left, like the deep slumberers among these shades, in their place of rest, until the final trump shall wake the dead.

"Is not this beautiful?" said Mr. F., as he opened the book at Revelation, chapter xxi. So truly do all of Saint John's conceptions have the two characteristics of sublimity about them, simplicity yet grandeur. 'And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them; and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. *And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.* And he that sat upon the throne said, He that overcometh shall inherit these things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.' "

After a moment's pause, Mr. F. added, "There is no individual who has lived upon earth, whatever may have been his external circumstances, who has not had his sorrow. The world, it is true, and perhaps I have thus experienced it as far as most persons of my age, has its joys—its many joys—and many, comparatively, have been happy. But if

they lived long here, their feasts of enjoyment were often broken in upon ; and if their race was but short, they yet must have felt enough of the calamities of earth, to assure them that it is necessary for us to enter on some other state of being before we can secure the perfect rest, which the soul, as one element of its spiritual being, longs for. And there are some whose course of life is one continuous way of disappointment, and distress, and protracted sorrows. Sufferings of body or anguish of mind are their constant companions. If, for a moment, they find a relief to the bitterness of their distress in the unaffected sympathies of those who love them, they yet but too soon learn the truth,

“ That words of love and friendship spoken,
Tell oft that hearts will soon be broken.”

“ It is,” continued Mr. F., as he turned his eye on the weeds of Mrs. E. and her orphan, “ it is, in circumstances like these, that the afflicted mind lets its thoughts go to the pages of revelation, and hears with a soothed heart the grateful words that point to a future state of happy being : ‘ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.’ ‘ God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.’ ”

"It is beautiful," said Mrs. E., as she brushed from her cheek a large tear that rolled from her peculiarly fine and dark eye, "and the words come over the heart with consolation. The other world has gained, in late months, a definiteness to me, which it once did not have. But while I reflect upon its joys, of which we are assured, my mind I find is often confused. What will be the state of one's being—and what the sources of the enjoyment of the saint? That I shall meet one there, I have ceased to doubt, and that sweet Rosa shall be another," said the young widowed mother, as she pressed her orphan child closer to her bosom—but she only ended the sentence by the tears that fell fast and free upon the cheek of her beautiful little girl, who, although hardly knowing why her mother wept, yet as if by instinct put her arms around her mother's neck and sobbed aloud.

This burst of grief was soon over, and, as in all such cases, it gave relief to the afflicted heart. Little Rosa, in her young joyousness and thoughtless change of childhood, had already sprung off a few yards to a little thicket, to cull a wild violet that had met her eye.

The hour was a lovely one; and as the party had finished their rounds through the grounds, there seemed no disposition at the moment to move.

"But, do you think that we shall know our

Christian friends in another world, Mr. F. ?” asked Miss V., who also had indulged to tears in her sympathies for her friend.

“Yes, Miss V.,” replied Mr. F., who seemed for a moment, to have been lost in the abstractions of his own thoughts. “If I mistake not, Mrs. E. is not peculiar in the indefiniteness and confusion to which she alludes in the conceptions of her own mind, as to the future circumstances of a departed spirit, and the probable sources of enjoyment which shall give perpetual happiness to the redeemed. And I have thought that our conceptions on these subjects have been, in many particulars, unnecessarily indefinite. The Scripture language which is employed to convey to us ideas relating to the happiness of the glorified around the throne of God, it is true, is often figurative, and, as used by St. John, is highly poetic. But often, the object of the sacred writers in the use of this language has been mistaken. It was not to convey to our minds *the particulars*, which shall render us happy as redeemed spirits; but to convey to our minds the extent and the *completeness* of that joy, which shall feast the soul, so happy as to enter into the ‘many mansions.’ The cup of bliss that shall be offered to the saint in heaven shall be full. And the apostles have conveyed this idea distinctly to us, by bringing before our imagination the most beautiful creations of nature and art, which can yield us pleasure and

delight us by their possession or in their contemplation: and then again, by exhibiting before us whatever can contribute to our sorrow, alarm, anxiety, and assuring us that such things shall be absent from those happy regions. All things there shall conspire to augment our bliss. Nothing shall be present to mar our full felicity. The 'pure river of water' shall be there, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. There shall be the 'tree of life,' whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. The 'walls' of the holy city shall be garnished with all manner of precious stones. Its 'streets' shall be of pure gold. The 'gates' thereof shall not be shut by day nor by night, and the Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And what shall not be there? No more curse—no more night—and they shall have no more need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in the holy city, for the glory of the Lord shall lighten it. And there shall be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor pain, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH.

"But this language, as you must at once see, gives us no distinct conception as to the *particulars*, which shall go to make up this full joy and to abstract this every pain. This language of the apostle was not intended to convey ideas as to these particulars. The 'pure river' of water,

the 'walls' garnished with all manner of precious stones, and the 'streets,' paved with gold, may awaken in our imagination the idea that a residence described by such beautiful imagery would yield us delight. But no one can suppose that 'rivers' of water, and 'walls' of cities, and 'streets' of gold, will be realities in a world of *spiritual existences*.

"To secure, then, any thing like definite ideas as to what shall be the probable sources of the enjoyment of heaven to the ransomed spirit, which the metaphoric language of the Bible describes to be complete, we must have recourse to the CONSTITUTION OF OUR SPIRITUAL BEING—TO THE NATURE OF THE SOUL."

"And will you not," said Mrs. E., as she perceived Mr. F. to pause in one of his peculiar abstractions when his eye was fixed on vacancy, which gave to his features an intellectual cast so peculiar to those persons who have formed the habit of close mental action of original thinking, "will you not give us your thoughts in connection with the society of sainted spirits, and the manner you think they shall be made completely happy? You know we like to hear you talk on these subjects, as you have sometimes indulged us; and this place, while we are in these grounds, is so fit for such musings, it seems almost like sacrilege here to indulge in any other thoughts."

Mr. F. recovered himself playfully, as he pointed out a turtle-dove, which had just lighted in the path, at a little distance from where the party were seated. "I wonder," said he, "if that little creature has come here to mourn for its absent mate? It is not usual for them to fly separately. Ah, I thought so," he continued, as the mate came skimming through the pines and perched herself, with her neck up, near her companion. "It is a beautiful fiction, that when one of those birds die, the other mourns itself to death."

"And yet," said Ella V., "it would not seem so great a calamity for companions to be soon and suddenly separated, were they confident in the assurance that in heaven they shall be re-united, as remembered friends on earth. But are you not to remember Mrs. E.'s request? What were you to say of the happy spirits of the other world, and the sources of their happiness?"

"It seems to have been supposed by some," said Mr. F., recurring to the subject proposed by Mrs. E., "*that the constitution of our spiritual being, or the soul of the saint, will have gone through such a change, by death, as to have become quite a different thing in its nature in another world, from what it is in this. For instance, some seem to think that our memories will be blotted out, lest, as I suppose such persons would think, we may recur back to the transactions of this world with pain.*

There certainly might be something more adduced in support of this impression than for thousand other and more crude notions, which seem to be floating through the minds of vast numbers of Christian people, which seem to have resulted from the indefinite manner with which Christians often speak of heavenly and spiritual things—adopting as they often do the poetic and metaphoric language of the Bible, without a proper view of the correct principles of interpretation. So true is this, that I have known some persons under a species of impression, that, as St. John speaks of the ‘everlasting songs’ unto him who redeemed us, so, they say, the saints shall literally spend their eternity in a ceaseless shout of worship around the throne of the Eternal. And a German organist, to whom I once was expressing my love for the simple and pathetic in music, and who was fond of indulging in the full chorus, replied, that there would be no *plaintive* music in heaven. And do you think there will be organs there? I asked. “Surely,” added Mr. F., as his voice fell to a soft intonation that was music itself, and peculiarly his own, when his sympathies were touched, “there is such a thing as a song of soul, which is the soul of song, and which a disembodied spirit, and a spirit while in the body may raise and enjoy, with ceaseless gratitude and love to God, without indulging in any audible sound or note of voice.

"But, to recur to the idea that in heaven the *memory may be lost*. Suppose it were taken from us, what should we then be? We, at once, should lose our personal identity, and not know who we are or who we have been. That power of the mind, which we call memory, is one attribute of the soul, and cannot be destroyed without annihilating one part of the soul itself, any more than the power of thinking could be destroyed, and yet leave us, as we now are, thinking beings. The only change, as I apprehend, which a purified spirit, so happy as to reach the courts of eternal righteousness and consequent happiness, shall have gone through, will be from sin to holiness. And this involves no change in the attributes of the soul. They will remain the same. Holiness only implies that these same attributes or faculties of the soul, which now go to make up our being, shall in heaven be exercised according to what is right, which is holiness.

"The same thing is true," continued Mr. F., "when the soul here becomes, in the Scripture language, converted. There is no change in the attributes or powers of the mind. Before a person meets with this change, he exercises his faculties in a course of disobedience to the principles of the gospel, which is sin. Afterwards, he employs the same unchanged attributes of his soul in obedience to these principles, which is holiness. He now loves God supremely with the same powers of the

mind with which he formerly and supremely loved the world. His memory is the same after as it was before this change, although it may be turned towards different and more commendable objects of contemplation. And this is true of all the other attributes of the soul. They remain unaltered. He is the same mental being that he was, as to his powers, though the decisions of those powers of soul are now according to what he perceives to be right, and, of consequence, are holy ; whereas, in his decisions before this, in view of his known obligations, he exercised these same powers contrary to what he knew to be right, and consequently they were unholy.

“I repeat, then, what is not always considered, that all our attributes, mental and moral, of the soul are the same before our change of character which the Scriptures style conversion, that they are after it. The devils in hell are the same noble and unchanged beings, as to their intellectual character and mental constitution, that they were when angels in heaven. And man, though a sinner here on earth, shall be the same mental being when a saint in heaven. The same powers of memory—of thinking—of loving—of hating—of reasoning—and imagining, shall constitute his spiritual being there as they do here, and the change will only consist in having these powers of the mind and heart there governed aright, and in that right government of

them will, through eternity, consist the holiness of the saints; as the right government of the attributes of angelic beings in heaven now constitutes their holiness."

Here Mr. F. paused a moment, and his thoughts seemed to be pursuing the subject on which he had been uttering them. No one replied, while thoughtful silence indicated the interest with which the subject was gaining to each, as Mr. F. continued:

"What, then," he asked, "are some of the particular attributes which go to make up the spiritual being, or the soul of man, as it shall continue to exist in another world? We all know—I know, and you, Mrs. E., know, and Miss V. knows, that we have within us, inherent in the very nature of our souls, *certain desires—such as the desire of the friendship of others—the desire of knowledge—the desire of continual and immortal existence*, not now to mention more. And these desires are independent of all change of circumstances. And in the gratification of these desires of our being, our happiness consists. We further know that we take pleasure in rendering acts of kindness to those who have our confidence and love. And memory, and the powers of reflection and anticipation, are among the elements of our soul, and are the attributes appealed to by Rogers and Campbell, in their Pleasures of Memory and Hope.

"Now," continued Mr. F., "a human spirit, *retaining* all these attributes of soul, (for they are the very things which constitute him the very being that he is,) when he finds himself in the heaven of the saints, must have these desires of his soul gratified, if he is to be a happy spirit. And so long as he remains the mental being that God has made him, his happiness will and must continue to consist in the gratification of these native susceptibilities of his being. As truly this must be, as is the certainty that to be happy here, with our present constitution of body, we must have something to gratify our appetite for food when we are hungry, if we will be happy.

"We are thus, if I rightly conceive, brought to the necessary conclusion that these attributes or susceptibilities of the soul, which I have specified as among those which will remain with a sanctified spirit, *will find in the circumstances of its residence in heaven, sources and means for their gratification.*

"We shall reach the same conclusion if we consult the purport of the language of the Scriptures, when that language is divested of metaphor and allegory, where it speaks of the active states of the saints in heaven.

"As I said, we are constituted with a *social principle*, as one part of our nature. This delights in the society of friends; and we are rendered happy by it when we are assured that we possess the

affectionate regard of those friends. Now we at once see that this social principle, according to the general descriptions of the Scriptures, will be fully met in heaven. There, we know, as the first object of affection, and of reciprocated affection, the soul shall familiarly commune with the Saviour. There, we shall 'see him as he is,' and 'be like him'—that is, possess the same kind, amiable, affectionate, tender, benevolent spirit, which so characterized him as the being who literally gave his life to rescue from harm, and from eternal harm, the friends who shall then be around him in familiar, social, grateful and delightful intercourse.

"And *we* shall see him as he is," added Mr. F., with an emphasis on the first word of the sentence which he quoted from Paul, "and, by consequence, commune with each other—that is, with all who are included in this word *we* which the apostle uses, and it does include all the saints.

"But besides the affectionate fellowship which the redeemed soul shall hold with the Saviour and the 'spirits of just men made perfect,' we are told further, by Saint Paul, that we shall come to '*an innumerable company of angels.*' And we have further confirmation of this idea that the angels, intelligent and amiable spirits, shall constitute part of the society and familiar companionship of heaven; in the language of our Saviour, that we shall be 'as the angels' of God in the resurrection, in

opposition to the idea of marrying and being given in marriage—that is, our existence in heaven shall be a spiritual residence. And Saint Luke, recording other and solemn language of the Saviour in regard to the final resurrection, says, with a deep emphasis to the mind unrenewed, as well as with most grateful consolation to 'the Christian, 'Who-soever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man confess before the angels of God. But he that denieth' or does not confess 'me before men, shall be denied before the angels of God.' Not only then shall the ransomed spirit mingle in the society of the redeemed from every tongue, and nation, and people, with the ancient seers, and prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and 'the general assembly and church of the first born,' and with their Redeemer, and receive from them their full confidence and reciprocated affection; but the happy spirit shall also have the society and companionship 'of innumerable and holy angels'—beings of noblest intellect and of purity of character. What more, then," continued Mr. F., with his own amiable sensibilities enkindling with the sentiment, "what more shall we need, for the full gratification of THIS ONE ELEMENT OF OUR SOULS—THIS DESIRE OF SOCIETY, SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL INTERCOURSE, AND THE FULL CONFIDENCE AND SURE AFFECTION OF FRIENDS? Surely, this of itself is enough to render the soul thrice blessed. For, who has

not tasted of the delightful emotion, which, here on earth, the unrestrained confidence and sure affection of friendship and reciprocated and known attachment wake up in the soul ? On earth, the society of such friends is sought for as surely as that the magnet seeks its pole ; and if, like the disturbed magnet, the spirit chance to have been thrown from its rest, the agitated soul regains its peace at its own settling point—the sympathy of those friendly bosoms.

“And thus it is in heaven,” said Mr. F., as his eye rested on a pile of fleecy cumuli-clouds, seen at this moment through a vista at the right, sailing through the beautiful and calm blue of their own upper deep, “so it is in heaven. Each one shall know the other to be his friend. His confidence shall be full. He shall greet his fellow-associate as more than brother—more than sister-spirit, kindred and redeemed. Friendship shall there glow in every bosom. No broken vows—no misplaced affection shall there pierce a confiding heart. Not one unkind look—not one jealous thought shall mar the free, and pure, and familiar companionship of a ransomed world. Interest for his fellow spirit shall swell each bosom with joyous emulation to do his friend the greater good. Thus, to have the full confidence, and reciprocated affection, and deep-felt interest, and social and familiar companionship of *the whole of heaven*—shall not this be enough to make the many

mansions more than Eden to a ransomed soul, and give felicity such as angels know to the purified and rescued spirit?"

For a moment the party sat in silence, each pursuing the train of thought which the remarks of Mr. F. had awakened. He soon added: "I have given but a few thoughts to illustrate but *one of the attributes or inherent desires of the soul*. But I think we may see, from this imperfect outline, the unlimited amount of happiness that waits for the ransomed spirit, which shall be derived from this one susceptibility of our spiritual being, viz., *the desire of society, and of the reciprocated confidence, esteem, and love of those with whom we associate.*"

At this moment, little Rosa E., who, having been playing in the grounds, and running from one hillock to another, had become sufficiently fatigued to fall asleep on a parasol and handkerchief at the feet of her mother, now rose. She seemed half doubtful where she was, and extending her hands to her mother, buried her head in her lap.

"Well, Rosa," said Mr. F., "you have risen just in time not to be left here like the babes in the woods, and I do not hear many birds piping around us, who would make you a leafy bed at night, and bring you wild berries to eat in the morning. And I fear," continued Mr. F., turning to the party, "that we are setting a strange fashion in remaining so long in these grounds, however enticing may be

their groves and beautiful monuments. Shall we seek our carriage ?”

“No, sir,” said Mrs. E., “not until you make a promise that you will take another ride to MOUNT AUBURN, and let us be gratified by your further thoughts upon the probable sources of the happiness of the saints. We thank you for your remarks thus far, and they give us the determination, if not the right, of having the rest.”

This proposition was advocated by others ; and Miss V. said, “Certainly, Mr. F. will not deny us. We have several more days marked on our calendar for Boston ; and how could our time be spent more pleasantly than by threading these grounds a part of the evening, and lingering to hear, as we have heard, of the happy spirits of those who have left their remains among these beautiful shades ?”

Mr. F., of course, consented to accompany the party on another ride to MOUNT AUBURN ; and they were soon seen moving through the winding paths which led to the portal opening of the grounds. They entered their carriage, and by a drive through Cambridge, they reached the Tremont House, in time to consult their toilet for tea.

SECTION VI.

THE day succeeding our visit to the shaded grounds of MOUNT AUBURN, the party were seen seated in their carriages for their afternoon ride. There was but one silent voice as to the course that should be pursued, and in a short time they were again entering the grounds, so beautifully laid out for the final repose of the dead.

Mr. F. had been observed to be more than usually abstracted during the ride, as he was generally the first to catch the beautiful of the way, and to enliven the party by his playful and chaste humour. It may have been that his mind had been running on solemn subjects, conscious that, to-day, it was expected on his arrival in the grounds at MOUNT AUBURN, that he would speak of the things associated with the future circumstances of the soul; whereas, the preceding day his remarks had fallen, as in an accidental conversation. Besides, there were others who had joined the party for the evening ride; and he had reason to think that it had been hinted to them that the subject of the yesterday's conversation was to draw from Mr. F. some further remarks, that evening. Although Mr. F. was ever alive to the wish of securing every oppor-

tunity to benefit by delighting those with whom he associated, no one was more sensitive as to propriety of time and place and the fitness of things. And he would have shrunk from the occasion of their meeting to-day, had it not come in the familiar way of the proposition of his few friends the preceding evening.

The party had leisurely walked through the grounds; and after a little while they had reached the seats which a part of them had occupied the evening before. At length Mr. F., with Miss V. leaning on his arm, approached the circle, and took a vacant seat beside Mrs. E.—Miss V. placing herself near her sister.

“There,” said Mr. F., as he held up an exquisite white flower, “was it not a pity to destroy, before its hour, so much beauty? But it may be like the early death of some young geniuses, whose premature departure has awakened our sympathies, and called forth the loveliness and the beauty of their characters, which otherwise might never have been recorded, at least in such a way as to win our love for their memory and deep-felt sympathy at their end. The early grave of HENRY KIRK WHITE has more certainly immortalized and endeared his memory than the most brilliant specimens of genius would have done, which might have been the product of a maturer age. But, so it was,” continued Mr. F. in an altered and playful tone, “Miss V. and

I were brushing along, rather too carelessly for the safety of this said lily, which, however, as some atonement, we have brought hither that we may exhibit its young beauties to a number of its kindred lily-cheek gazers." Here Mr. F. carelessly passed the flower to a very pale-face but beautiful young lady who sat near him, and with whom the party had become acquainted at the Tremont House.

"And I have heard," said the lily-cheek girl, "that they think a young lady dying with the consumption to be a very interesting object. Surely I hope that the premature nipping of this flower, Mr. F., may not be the emblem of the increase of the disease, which my friends are fearful may be waiting me."

Mr. F., for a moment, regretted the disposition of his flower, but another moment persuaded him, as he rested his eye upon the speaker, that the apprehensions of her friends must be more the result of affectionate sollicitudes than the correct observation of the developements of consumptive tendencies.

"It is a beautiful flower," at length added Mrs. E., "and we remember your remarks at the Springs in connection with a bunch of them. And that reminds us of what we are expecting from you this evening. You see we are all gathered to be your listeners, and I am sure we shall be learners, and—

"Delighted and obliged disciples," rather im-

politely, but playfully and modestly interrupted Miss V.

Mr. F., without apology, familiarly began, by saying, "It will be remembered by my friends, who were here, that in our conversation last evening, I suggested a few things illustrative of the probable sources of enjoyment, which shall open to the sanctified spirit in heaven. I affirmed, what every one knows from his own consciousness, that we are constituted, as to our spiritual being, with certain desires which are inherent parts of our nature, and that our happiness must always consist in the gratification of these desires or susceptibilities of our continued being, as truly so as that our desire for food, when we are hungry in this life, must be gratified, if we will be happy.

"I specified a few among the desires, which go to make up the inherent elements of our being—such, for instance, as the desire for the esteem and affectionate regard of those with whom we associate, which we all know to be an inmate of every bosom. Further, the desire of knowledge. Our every day's inquiry, "What news?" which is as old as Athens and as late as modern meeting of friends, assures us of the truth, that this is another native desire of the soul. And to mention but another, we all desire continued and immortal existence.

"If then the soul shall enter heaven with these

desires of our spiritual being still remaining a part of that being, we see that our happiness in heaven must consist in the gratification of these desires, as much so as that our bodily happiness is dependent on having our appetite, or desire for food, gratified here, when we are hungry. Our conclusion then necessarily was, that *in heaven there will be found sources which are fit, and which are adapted and intended to gratify these desires which shall remain with the redeemed and immortal spirit.*

“I then went on to specify and to illustrate the sources for gratifying the first mentioned of these desires of our natures, that is, the desire of society and of the esteem and friendship of those with whom we associate.

“We at once perceive that this desire will find its fit objects in heaven to yield it gratification to the fullest extent, by the familiar and intimate communion and affectionate and tender friendship of the Redeemer—of angels—and the saints, constituting the ‘general assembly and church of the first born.’

“But, in heaven, we shall remain the same *intellectual beings, in our constitution, as we are here*, and, by consequence, we shall possess within us *the desire of knowledge*, as one other element of a ransomed and immortal spirit. And this desire remaining, as one element of our spiritual being, we see, that to be completely happy in heaven, we must

there find sources and means for its gratification.

“To the same conclusion the language of the Scriptures leads us. ‘We shall know as we are known.’ ‘We shall see him as he is.’ And then the whole Scripture account of the worship, praise and adoration, which a saved spirit is described as rendering unto God and to the Lamb, necessarily supposes that this worship is rendered and given as the result of the perception of intelligent minds, that the Lamb is worthy of all this praise and love and glory. But to know this, we as ransomed spirits must see the grounds of the merit, in a moral point of view, and the reasons for the praises so justly accorded to the Eternal Being, throughout eternal ages. It is not a blind service. It is not a reasonless devotion. It is not a praise based on unperceived grounds which shall swell the songs of the ransomed, and give emphasis and depth to the tones of that love and adoration, that shall wake the harps of *intellectual* as well as holy beings. And although, in the language already quoted, we shall ‘know as we are known,’ it implies not but that there will open before the opening minds of intellectual spirits, in heaven, fields of increasing knowledge, and yet, throughout eternity, for ever unfathomed depths of thought. For, angels, holy and heaven born and intellectual as they are, and represented as far in advance of human souls, are

yet described as desirous of gaining new knowledge ; and they were gaining it when represented as ' desirous of looking into the things ' that pertain to the plan of salvation.

"What, then, I would ask," continued Mr. F., 'will be some of the sources, which shall gratify this further innate susceptibility of our souls, viz. *the desire for increased and ever increasing knowledge ?*'"

"Why," continued Mr. F., "as I was saying last evening, we shall there have the society of angels, beings exalted in intellect, and excelling in purity of character, as much as they are elevated in knowledge. And besides this innumerable number of a holy race of moral and intellectual existences, we shall have the society of the thousands and tens of thousands of the redeemed of our own race, who shall have been 'gathered from every tongue and nation and people of this, our once inhabited, but then, re-chaotic earth. Amid the society of such companions, as the angels, beings so far advanced before us in knowledge—and, so far as our own race is concerned, with minds of every grade and with every variety of composition as to ideas—gathered, too, from separate portions and different circumstances of our earth, what more shall we need, besides such circumstances of our heavenly residence and association among such beings, for the gratification of our *desire for know-*

ledge? Believe me,' said Mr. F., after a little pause, 'I am not on merely poetic ground here. It is not mere imagination, but to my mind the soberest deductions from Scripture truth, and the necessary conclusion which we must come to from a knowledge of our own being, and the future circumstances of this our being, as revealed in the word of God. If this society of angels and saints is to be the future circumstances of intelligent and yet not omniscient beings, we take it as a probability, which needs no confirmation to render it a fact, that beings so situated *as associate spirits*, must and will have mental communion with each other. And having this mental communion, we at once see that there opens a wide field for the gratification of this desire of our souls for knowledge, contributing its consequent wisdom and pleasure. Is it fiction, think you, that we shall there meet the patriarchs Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and their progenitors, and the successors of the prophets? Is it a fictitious hope and but a romantic dream which lights up the Christian's anticipation, that in one of those eras which shall stretch without beginning and end down the eternity of an immortal existence—is it a delusive persuasion though a welcome and cherished thought, that we shall meet a David, the king of the sacred lyre as well as the king of Israel? Shall the Christian not know the gifted Paul? Shall he not know the

sainted John? Shall he not know the energetic Peter—and Luke, the beloved physician, and others and all of the apostles—and Mary the mother of Jesus—and other saints and martyrs, in ages both before and in ages since the Christian era? Saint Paul tells us that Christians are ‘with Christ.’ His language is, ‘to depart and to be with Christ,’ and consequently with one another, ‘is far better.’ And the Saviour says, with fearful accent now to the unrenewed as he did to the unrepenting Jews when he carried their thoughts on to the judgment day: ‘There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets *in the kingdom of God*, and you yourselves thrust out. And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down *in the kingdom of God*.’ This language then sufficiently assures us that the expectation of the Christian is not a mere poetic fancy, but, in heaven, we shall have the meeting, the familiar meeting, and communion, and companionship of the master-spirits of those ages which have gone before us, who shall have given their hearts to God on the terms, which he has made the condition of entering the abodes of the blessed.

“And, once placed among this innumerable number from every age, and clime, and tongue, we perceive from these circumstances alone of a happy

spirit in heaven, that there opens before him *one field of inexhaustible intelligence*, and a grateful opportunity for gratifying this thirst of the soul for knowledge and the acquisition of something new, which shall give delight to the intelligent and inquisitive spirit of an immortal being.

“What a collection of ideas,” continued Mr. F., raising himself in his seat in a way that showed that his mind was becoming excited by the enkindling theme, “what a collection of ideas shall be amassed by these vast and happy millions, gathered into the ‘many mansions,’ from every age and tongue and nation of this world, and from every era of its time? There and then, like the fabled Jew, said to have wandered upon this earth ever since the days of Christ, each sanctified spirit may, in reality, live through all these ages, and through all ages from the creation. For, there will be at his side, as familiar companions, spirits of different periods in time, and from different points in place, throughout the existence and the extent of our world, who with the freedom and interest of friends will communicate the events of their day and the characteristics of the era that dated their existence upon this then departed earth. It is no fiction that a ransomed spirit may there meet the patriarch, who for a hundred and forty years preached to a corrupted world, and with his children was rescued from the deluge that overwhelmed a world of sin-

ners. And would not the tale that he could tell be worthy of the ear of an immortal being, as illustrating the justice, and the mercy too, of a holy, and righteous, and inviting, and entreating, and forbearing God? Thus it is, there shall be presented before the happy spirit, in heaven, thirsting for knowledge and delighted by its attainment, *a living history* of all ages gone before him on the earth, and of the ages that shall come after him. And before him stretches an eternity, through which he may read it. Not as here on earth, cut off ere he can acquire the story of but a few particulars, which, at best, he traces in the imperfect records of the past, and divested of the accuracy and vividness with which an eye-witness would present them. The time and the unnarrated incidents of the time of those men, whose writings have been our guide and direction in the way of salvation, and which have been our consolation and the source of the hope that sustains the soul of the Christian in his last conflict, shall be, to the spirit redeemed from our age, as familiar as we can now be with the events of the days of our immediate forefathers. And who of us, while we have been carried back to the period of the apostles, have not felt that an acquaintance with them and other memorable characters of ages, before and since the apostolic day, would yield untold delight, and the choicest pleasures, while it would augment our knowledge,

in connection with the incidents and occurrences of the eras in which they lived ?”

Mr. F., after a moment’s pause, resumed : “ But should any one suppose that the incidents of this earth will be too insignificant to attract the future thoughts, and interest the future feelings of a spirit saved, we will see the probable incorrectness of such an impression, when we remember that every event of this world has a direct bearing in illustrating the government of God over offending subjects and over his moral universe. It is in connection with our actions in this life, and the dealings of God with us as responsible beings, amid the occurrences of this world, which shall enable his intelligent worshippers to see the forbearance of his mercy, the intensity of his love, and the sincerity of his invitations to a lost world, to avail itself of eternal happiness, and thus to evince to them and the universe the justice of his dealings over his creatures, and wake from the intelligent perception of his children, who shall be redeemed, a note of praise and admiration and love, based on the intelligent perception that the ‘ *Lord of the whole earth doeth right.*’

“ Here then, in this vast community of the saved from all ages, and nations, and tongues, and with angels as beings of exalted intellect and purity of character, there will open a field of *knowledge and consequent pleasure* to the deathless soul of man, unlimited and eternal.

“ But this companionship with saints from every land and tongue, and with angels exalted in intelligence and purity of character, is not the only source, nor probably will compare with many other sources of knowledge which shall open, in heaven, to the redeemed from the earth. We may justly suppose, as the soul shall expand in its high attainments, that new fields of knowledge, there, shall spread before it, to give food to this immortal longing of our being, which increases in the intensity of its desire in the proportion as the mind gains new stores to its possessions.

“ But the delightful reflection to the Christian is, that all this accumulated knowledge shall be a continued and unending source of pleasure to the soul redeemed. It shall wake new gratitude in the bosom of the saint to his God, as his creator—new love to him, as his friend—new devotion and admiration as the God of power and of wisdom, who has so formed us, and so formed all existences, that they tend to fitness and to happiness. Every hour of the Christian’s ceaseless existence shall lay open before his admiring and adoring spirit, facts, with their connection and their relations, which shall show God to be the just, and the merciful, and the benevolent and the wise Creator, who has concerted and who desired the bliss of all, as well as the bliss of those who for ever shall surround his throne. And the Eternal would have

secured the endless happiness of all, if men and devils had acted out their part, as they might have done, and as their 'gratitude, and their interests, and their privilege should have prompted them to do. All things in another world shall affirm this and render it plain, as it is now and here declared by God's promises and threatenings, and godlike acts of forbearance and mercy. The Christian, in heaven, shall see it, and know it. And from his intelligent and clear perception of these facts, in God's works of grace and of creation, the sainted spirit shall wake his harp anew; and again, and again, and yet again admire, and adore, and love, as he sweeps its chords in delightful worship of his God.

"But," said Mr. F., and here his voice was lowered to a note of unaffected melancholy and Christian sympathy, which showed that he felt the emotion, "*it is not so with the lost*. Their knowledge, too, must ever increase like the acquisitions of the saints in heaven. For they will also be associated with spirits from every age, and nation, and time, and with devils, yet intelligent, though fallen from the virtue of their character, by disobedience to their God. But their acquisitions of every new idea, gained in their circumstances as associates of lost spirits from every age, and with a race of yet higher though fallen existences, shall but increase their capacity for intenser suffering in a

world of wo. Each new idea they shall gain, will throw a beam of additional light on the consistency of God's government—on his righteousness, and the tender mercies of his dealings—a God, who never injured them, nor wished them harm, and only sought their happiness—a God, who pointed out to them the way of bliss, and urged them, by every motive of interest and gratitude, to avail themselves of a salvation which cost him sufferings as their benevolent friend, to enable him, in view of his moral government, to give it them on the conditions on which it is offered. The lost spirit in the world of wo shall then see, if it never saw before, as the dealings of God shall open before him, that a sincerer desire never occupied the bosom of his Creator than that which prompted the invitation, '*Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;*' or than filled with tears of pity and love the compassionate eye of Jesus Christ, as he hung over the wretched Jerusalem and gave forth, in bitterest lament, '*How oft would I have gathered thee, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not.*' Through that long and to them dark eternity, a lost spirit shall know and feel that there was not a day of his mortal existence, when he might not have complied with the terms of an endless happiness, and thus have secured and enjoyed the enduring favour and friendship of his God, as was urged upon him, times

many and often, during a wasted life, and by every consideration derived from the joys of a promised heaven and the sorrows of a threatened hell. The conviction shall flash and shall abide upon his soul, from a full and intelligent perception of his Maker's ever kind dealings with him and his universe, that while he was flirting in a thoughtless world with a thoughtless mind, the bosom of his God was yearning over him as a parent's, and that he often, in various ways, heard the language drop from the lips of godlike pity, 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?' And forgive me, my friends, when I say it," added Mr. F. in a tone of endearing and thrilling kindness, as he contemplated the circle then around him, "should it be the calamity of any one of your number to die, thoughtless, with the proffered friendship of an indulgent God unsecured, such a spirit in the world of wo will then, and there, *think*. *Thought* shall there be the lost spirit's chief curse—intelligent, clear, unclouded thought, which shall show the finally miserable, that they have been their own suicides of their own souls. Yes, it shall embitter all their endless years—years of their yet intelligent and rational though lost souls. **THOUGHT!** For it is *their mental being* that shall there yet live. And it shall be their wo—their bitter wo—the gnawing worm—the sting of an enlightened, intelligent, *thinking* conscience. Happy spirits, indeed, could they then annihilate

the power of thinking, and there live thoughtless as they have lived here. But the wo will then be on them—a wo, worse than the stings of injured honour—worse than the stings of blasted fame—worse than the conscious degradation of merited shame. And it shall be like the weight of mountains pressing on self-smitten spirits, while they shall waste with untold sorrows in a rayless and hopeless, and endless despair!

“Would to God this were fiction!” added Mr. F., after a short and solemn pause. “So could I desire it, sometimes, when looking at some of my friends, in view of their onward and fearful prospects, while I see them uncheered by the hopes of the Christian. But the reality glares me in the face as I read the language of the Eternal, both in his word and *in the constitution of my own nature*.

“May it, my friends,” said Mr. F., as he ended these reflections, “make us most active, in our exertions for the salvation of those endeared to us by the ties of kindred and friendship.”

No one of the party felt disposed to break the spell which the earnest, and affectionate, and perspicuous language of Mr. F. had left on the minds of the whole circle. They felt that there was truth in what he had said, in the very nature of the things about which he had been speaking, and that it personally interested themselves. And there was more than one heart that evinced the depth of

its emotion, in an audible sigh, which betrayed itself in the deep stillness of the moment that succeeded the termination of Mr. F.'s remarks.

"We are indebted to you, Mr. F., for the pleasure of this conversation," said Mrs. E., at length breaking the silence, "and are surprised as well as delighted that you should have said so much, and separately on these two distinct desires of our spiritual being. We feel assured, from your illustrations, that these elements of the soul, which go with others to constitute our being, shall attend us to another world, and that there will be enough there, to yield an eternal gratification to our desires for society and knowledge. But there is another desire to which you have alluded—the *desire of continued and immortal existence*. We should be cruel to ask you to extend your remarks on this subject, at this time, but may we not hope for one more ride to this lovely retreat; which I am sure none of us will forget in our future associations connected with another world?"

The mornings having been already designated for rides into other parts of the interesting neighbourhood about Boston, Mount Auburn, by general desire, was considered as the spot for their next afternoon's excursion.

"You said, Mr. F., when alluding to the convictions of lost spirits in another world, this evening, that through a long, and to them a dark eternity,

they should know and feel that there was not *a day* of their mortal existence when they might not have complied with the terms of an endless happiness, and thus have secured and enjoyed the enduring favour and friendship of their God."

This was addressed by Miss V. to Mr. F., as she was leaning on his arm, while they were now walking through the grounds after the circle had broken up, and were severally seeking objects to amuse them, previous to their evening's return-ride to Boston.

"I have sometimes felt," continued Miss V., "that I would be willing to make any sacrifice, and to give worlds, were they mine, could I become a Christian. But how can I? I know, and I feel, that I must for ever be unhappy unless I become a disciple of Jesus Christ. But I cannot help myself—how can I?" she asked, as her voice trembled with emotion, and her head dropped to conceal the involuntary flow of her tears.

"Ella," said Mr. F., as he paused a moment and let his eye, in tenderest sympathy, rest upon her moistened features, while the tears stole in succession from her cheek, "do you think that God asks from you impossibilities? Does he command impracticabilities? Has he not evinced the interest of a friend and the tenderness of a father, in the expressions of his word, and by demonstration in his action? Why did Jesus Christ die? Was it not

that God *might* pardon you on the *terms* of the gospel? Are those terms, then, such that you *cannot*, as you say, comply with them? Why does the Holy Ghost strive with you, melting your heart to tears in view of your responsibilities and neglect of surrendering your heart to him? Is it not to *induce* you, by all the considerations brought to bear upon you, thus to surrender your heart to God? Is it then an impossibility for you to surrender that heart? Does the Holy Ghost persuade you to an *impossibility*? Surely not. It is the wish of your God—it is the wish of your Saviour—it is the wish of the Holy Ghost, that you will at once become a disciple of Christ, and give up your heart to him, to be his future follower. The whole plan of the gospel contemplates this consecration of yourself to your Lord and Saviour. The object of the ministry is to persuade you to it. If then you are willing thus to devote yourself, in such full purpose of your heart, as shall control you in future obedience and love towards this Saviour, then are you this day at the point of feeling where the Holy Ghost, during the past of your life, has been operating upon your heart with endeavour to bring you. What then shall any longer hinder your purpose to surrender that heart to your God, and thus to become his obedient child?"

The two resumed their walk, slowly and silently for a short distance, when Miss V. recovered

herself sufficiently to ask, "How shall I make this surrender of myself to God? I have thought that God, by his Spirit, in some way, though mysteriously, and at his own time, would make me a Christian, and that in submission to his purposes I must wait and pray for his coming. Therefore, your remark, that the lost spirit would see in another world that no day passed in his mortal existence when he might not have become an obedient disciple of Jesus Christ, struck me as peculiar, and has awakened in my feelings a new hope, if it is true, and a wish, that this day may be to me the one when I shall have made this surrender of my heart to God. And I plainly see, that if I may do this, then much that I have before thought to be severe in the character of God, was the result of my misconception of the truth, and that he now appears the kinder and sincerer Being when offering his invitations from his word, as you have feelingly represented him."

"Miss V.," said Mr. F., "I am aware that your feelings are not peculiar. I recur back to the moment, when my own mind was excited on the subjects of my future interests and obligations to my God, and I longed for his friendship and forgiveness. The difficulties which I perceive you feel, I felt. And I have conversed with many, very many, who in a similar state of solicitude have cherished like impressions, and felt like difficulties

to be in the way of their becoming the sincere followers of the Saviour of sinners. But they had not clear conceptions as to what was *the thing required of them* to be done on their part, not in the way of merit, as if any thing they could do would recommend them to God, but which must be done by them in the very nature of the change to be effected. Had they perceived it, they, in their then state of feeling, would have been willing to do it. Had I perceived it, I should earlier have gained, in reliance on the sure promises of God, a persuasion of his acceptance of the consecration of a heart to him, in obedience to his command, 'My son, give me thy heart.' Did not God intend that the sinner should comply with this command, when he issued it? Did he design that there should be any *delay* about it? Is it *to-day* or to-morrow on which he expects us to yield to him our devotion, our love, our plighted faith? It is now if ever. And why not? If he is sincere in his invitations, entreaties, commands, and threatenings, they relate to the present moment, and not to the morrow. And his desire that we will return to him is as sincere, this hour, as it can ever be. He wishes us not to *remain* in disobedience, when he forbids that disobedience. He wishes us not to *remain* another hour from him, when he invites us *this hour*, and now, to come to him. Does not the conviction of your mind in view of this represen-

tation of the good pleasure of God, assure you, Miss V., that '*now is the accepted time,*' and may be '*the day of salvation ?*'

"That such is the language of the Bible," replied Miss V., "and such the pleasure of God, who desires the salvation of his erring children, I cannot longer doubt, and am surprised that I could otherwise have thought, in view of the expressions of his word, a number of which you have now repeated, and did before repeat, in the conversation of this evening. But how is the heart to be given to God," continued Miss V., "as it would seem that it may be done. My own is an adamant ; and yet I feel that I desire his love above any thing else ; and with the assurance of his favour I could meet the calamities of life, whatever they might be, and die without regret, were I confident of reaching the blessedness of that heaven, which has occupied your conversation this evening."

The swelling heart of the young lady again gave vent to its emotions, and she wept audibly, as the two moved slowly forward in their path. The party had already advanced nearly to the gateway of the grounds, some distance from the spot where the two friends were exchanging their thoughts, on a subject so thrilling in its relations to the eternal interests of the deathless soul.

"Miss V.," said Mr. F., "you have asked, '*how is this heart to be given to God ?*' We can pause

but a moment longer here. But allow me briefly to counsel you. You feel, at this moment, that you have too long, although you are yet young, withheld your heart from God. Had the impressions made on your mind been different from what they were, maybe that heart had earlier been given to your Saviour. If I mistake not, you see and feel that it is your privilege and your duty to do so, now. Let me then request of you, on your return this evening, that you will seek your chamber. An hour will be left you for your meditation. Devote it to your God. Think of the relations that exist between him and your soul. He has made you, and blessed you, and asked your love in return, to be manifested by your obedience to the principles of his word, as the course which will make you most happy here, and give you full felicity hereafter. Think how seldom that God has had your meditation upon his goodness, his greatness, his purity, his eternity. How seldom has gratitude awakened in your bosom for his mercy, and for the gifts of this world, abundant as they have been to you, and of the provision of salvation he has made for you, if secured by a compliance with its terms, which shall yield you, although you have offended him, eternal blessedness. Think of the *particulars* that go to make up the affecting story of the Bible. It tells you, what you feel to be the truth, that you are a sinner by transgressing his proper, and there-

fore holy, law. It tells you of hell—think of it, as I have supposed it will be constituted in the eternal world—the place of the lost, for their crimes and continued impenitence, from all places and all time; and of fallen angelic and malignant spirits—the murderer—the assassin—the highwayman—the pirate—the liar—the blasphemer—and whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie—and the lover of this world more than the lover of God. Then think, in contrast, of heaven—its happy and pure mansions—the residence of the blessed—the pure and holy—angelic hosts—and sainted spirits of our earth, from all time and place—enjoying the familiar friendship and communion of its happy inhabitants, and of its God, and the Saviour, and the Holy Ghost. Then think of the grave—its coldness—dreariness—silence—dust—and nearness. It may be our resting place to-morrow, and as it shall find us Christians in our purposes and action, or woldlings in our feelings and aims, so will we for ever continue the saint or the sinner, and, as the consequence, be for ever miserable or happy. Then think of the friendship of Christ. Is it not worth having? Is it not worth sacrificing much for, if our becoming a Christian will involve us in sacrifice? Some have to make a sacrifice in this world—some more, some less. Some are even banished by their friends, disinherited. Yours are Christian, and will rejoice in the surrender of your heart to God. Count up all that

you will have to contend with. If you take the purpose henceforth to be a follower of Jesus Christ, you will have to contend with some things. It will be known by companions. It must be known to the world. It must be unostentatiously declared before the world. 'He that confesses me before men, him will I also confess before my Father who is in heaven. He that denieth me before men, him will I also deny before my Father who is in heaven.' 'Do this in remembrance of me.' Count up the cost. Count up the gain—the loss and the gain both for this and the coming life. And then, in view of all these things, *decide*. If you decide to delay, I have nothing more to say here, but may weep for you hereafter. If you shall decide, that *henceforth you will go forward as a disciple of Jesus Christ*—then let your decision be full, unchangeable, final. Hesitate not to make the decision from any fear of insincerity. It is a right decision. God commands it and desires it. So does your Saviour, and he is ready to accept it. It is the thing that the Holy Ghost has long urged, and feelingly, as your tears this evening have declared, and it will delight the heart of angels, if you make it.

"If this be the purpose which you will now form, take the decision while bowing before your God, in solemn devotion. Tell him, in childlike feeling and familiarity and reverence, that you have too long delayed this surrender—that you have thought

too little on your responsibilities and duty—that you here regret it, and ‘earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for your past misdoings; and that you acknowledge and bewail them;’ and now would offer up your heart to be his for ever. Ask your God to accept this offer. If the request be sincere, on your part, believe that he will receive such a surrender of your heart to him. And let this present consecration of yourself to God that made you and the Saviour that redeemed you, control your future course; and then rely on his unmerited, free, and abounding grace for forgiveness; *and go forward and act, in all your course, as such a pledged follower of Jesus Christ.* If you find yourself, at any time, feeling less than you now feel, still continue *to act* according to your present purpose, according to your present decision. Our feelings are often dependent upon circumstances, but our responsible action, never. Continue to act aright, whatever may be your feeling, as the surest way of securing and retaining the feelings you desire and should possess. Go, Miss V.,” added Mr. F., with solemnity and tenderest feeling, “go, and thus surrender yourself to your God and Saviour, and Sanctifier, to be the Lord’s for ever. You will never regret it. It shall comfort you in all your griefs, should sorrow ever meet you. It will compose your aching heart while standing beside the death-bed of friends. It will delight the

heart of a Christian mother. It will light up the often dark way of mortality, and enable you to look with composure into your own grave, as you shall be nearing it, either by more rapid or slower steps. And, if it is any thing for you to know it," added Mr. F. in a tone of thrilling Christian sympathy, "you will have my continued interest as you have had my tears and my prayer."

As Mr. F. concluded this feeling appeal, in the touching expression which ended the conversation, they quickened their pace, and were but little behind their company, who had just seated themselves in their carriages.

But few words were spoken by the party on their way back to the Tremont House. Perhaps the objects by which they passed had become too familiar to attract their attention and remark, or what is more probable, as each seemed disposed to indulge in each one's own private abstractions, with more than usual gravity, the topics on which they had been musing still occupied their minds. Even when they had reached the Tremont House, and, for a moment, entered the ladies' parlour, the laughing greeting of young Rosa E., who rushed forward from the maid with hands extended, was met by a more soft and hardly articulate welcome from her mother; while Miss V. passed her with simply, "*sweet Rosa,*" and sought her chamber.

Had the time permitted, Mr. F., doubtless, would have added much more to the feeling entreaty and counsel which he deemed desirable for assisting Miss V. in her inquiries, and in urging her to decision in her then circumstances of a softened and agitated heart. And we may suppose, as the two were often thrown together during the continuance of their tour, Mr. F. did not neglect the opportunity to guide a mind that confided in his ability to instruct, and in his piety and sympathy as a Christian friend. He did not think the solemn interview which he urged Miss V. to hold between her own spirit and her God, would result in the change of her heart independent of the influence of the Holy Spirit. And he knew, without this influence, there was no hope at all that her present feelings would bring her to that sincere devotion of spirit in her onward course, which should guide her in simple and humble discipleship to Jesus Christ. But he also knew, that there was no hope that the Spirit of God would operate on her mind in any other way than "through the truth," as that truth should be made the particular subject of her thoughts; and that the legitimate object of the Holy Spirit was, to urge her, through these truths, to do what Mr. F. presented to her mind and endeavoured to persuade her to perform.*

* "It is plain that if any species of being is to pass under a renovating process, the process must be of a kind analo-

And he also knew that a mind that had been habituated to think more of worldly things than of religion, might return again to its indifference, and would so return after having made its decisions to pursue a religious course, unless that mind should adopt the necessary means for keeping vividly before its view religious truth, and the remembrance of its own responsibilities and necessities for a Christian life on earth and hopes for its future well-being. Mr. F., therefore, did not neglect to open before Miss V. the means for cultivating her religious feelings and for strengthening her religious purpose. He recommended to her various books, the perusal of which he knew would enlighten her mind, and tend to keep alive and yet more to deepen the impressions of religious truth upon her heart. The Bible was to be her continued companion, and prayer, the often aspiration of her contrite spirit. And after all this she was to look to her heavenly Father as a feeble and dependent child, that would certainly be lost

gous to the properties which are to be so transformed. Thus, for instance, it can be nothing but a physical power and a series of physical transitions that must translate an animal from one condition of organization to another. And thus, too, it can be nothing else than a moral process or a *working upon the affections by motives* that can effect a transition from one moral condition to another." *Author of Natural History of Enthusiasm.*

unless his almighty hand interposed to save her from a ruin, which, without his aid to strengthen her, the temptations of the world and the unsubdued passions of the corrupted heart would assuredly bring upon her. But the writer will not longer delay the advance of the action of the party.

SECTION VII.

It was a beautiful afternoon which witnessed the third gathering of the friends within the grounds of MOUNT AUBURN. Not a zephyr moved through the foliage of the oaks or whispered in the tops of the pines. The bosom of the sleeping water, collected in different ponds through the grounds, was unrippled, and mirrored back, from its silver surface, to the clear blue sky above, the deep-green foliage of the trees and the border of dahlias that encircled the edges of the flower-enamelled basins. It was a mellowed scene, fit to prepare the heart for musing on the theme which had brought the party again to this enchanting retreat. They were seen moving on their different paths, for a while seemingly with a more measured step and deeper meditation than usual, as they threaded the winding ways, and at length, with a new addition to their number, reached the seats which they had occupied the preceding day.

Mr. F. was already at this point, having to-day taken his walk alone, after entering the grounds, and held in his hand a sprig of *arbor vitæ* which a little ruffled-collar boy had presented him, while walking around one of the water-ponds. Mr. F.

opened the little Testament, which by accident had been left on the bench the first time they visited the grounds, and read the following line :

“And there shall be no more death.”

“There is something in that word *death*,” added Mr. F., “which causes the soul for a moment to feel solemn as it breaks upon the ear. No matter in what circumstances we may be placed, the thoughts rush sadly through the mind, and the imagination calls up the scenes of the last hour of the mortal anguish, when the soul takes its exit to the unknown world.

“We see the legislator in the halls of his nation rise to pronounce his sentiments, when death places his hand upon him, and he falls in his place, while the words are yet on his lip. Around him gather the associates of his labours, and they gaze on the pale features of a face but just now animated with thoughts struggling for utterance ; and if they smite not their breasts, they turn in silence from the death-scene and think how frail is man. Such was the death of Boudin. Again, another high in fame and exalted in merit, ends his brilliant course as an orator and a counsellor. It is told to the court of his nation. They pause. They cease the transaction of their business. His eulogy is pronounced, and they follow him in silence to his tomb. Such was the death of the lamented and pious Wirt.

“But who of us has not stood where a soul was just on the verge of the untried being, and about to take its farewell-leave of a world, where its existence had commenced and the endearments of relationship and kindred had been formed? It was an hour of deep solemnity. The child remembers it—when he knelt at the bed-side of a dying parent, and received the last blessing from the quivering lip of a departing father. The child remembers it—when he hung over the pillow of the mother, who had soothed his young cares and often pressed him to her bosom with a mother’s love, but lying in her last illness, said to him, in the unrestrained anguish of her spirit, ‘My child, farewell!’ And the mother remembers it. It was a dark day to her when the destroyer came and took from her the objects which had entwined themselves in their young affections among the life-strings of her heart—or else summoned to another world the manlier form of one on whom she had hoped to lean as the support and the consolation of her elder years. And my friends,” added Mr. F., as he cast his eye upon the increased circle around him, “you all remember it, as you have gazed upon the emaciated features of the dead when robed for their burial, and when you have stood at the grave of friends, and heard the earth crumble with its hollow echo upon their coffin-lids, and you turned from the scene and sought your closets to weep! It is this thought of death that takes away the zest of a soul, which would

otherwise be wholly absorbed by the brief frivolity and the incidents of a passing world, which are beneath the dignity of an immortal spirit. To the gay, the thought of the last struggle, if it ever comes over their minds, even in their greatest hilarity, is like a shade from another world, and it throws a damp upon their spirits. It tells the miser, as he counts his gain and his loss, that the hour is not far distant, when the poverty of his grave-clothes and his coffin which holds him shall be his only possessions. And it tells the ambitious man, and the man of literature, that the bubble for which they struggle will burst as they grasp it; and if their only aim shall have been for aggrandizement and fame, they will be lost souls when their bodies shall lie in their covered graves. And there is none of us, who can look upon the funeral rite—the mourning apparel—the hearse—the coffin—the open grave—and the relics lowered to their rest to wait the trump of the last day, without a solemn pause, and a rush of affecting thoughts, which carry back some of us to the first bitter hours of our orphanage, and others to the seasons of bereavement when their children, or a brother, or companion, or sister for ever closed the eye as trophies of the universal conqueror, death.

“Well,” continued Mr. F., “the passage which I have just read from this blessed book, assures us, that in heaven there shall be no more death—no more scenes kindred to these we have described.

In heaven, no friendships shall be broken. In heaven, no mother shall gaze on the cold remains of a beloved child, ere it takes its departure to its long sleep of the grave-yard. In heaven, no child shall pour forth its grief over the departing dust of him or her on whose bosom he leaned in his childhood, and who loved and consoled him in his riper years. In heaven, 'there shall be no more death.'

"We see, then, with these views, that a third desire of the soul—that is, *the desire for continued and immortal existence*—shall find, in heaven, its gratification, as well as the two other native desires of our spiritual being, of which I have spoken in our two preceding conversations.

"The soul from a Christian land, at least," continued Mr. F., "before he shall have entered on those immortal scenes, shall have learned, from the word of God, that its life shall be ceaseless. But the simple fact that the soul shall live through immortal ages might not, of itself, give us pleasure: Our circumstances might be such, that the knowledge of the eternal life of the soul might be a source of pain. The desire of immortal existence, then, which wakes in our bosoms as one element of our spiritual being, is of necessity connected with the expectation of happiness; for, as some may suppose, the desire of immortal life could hardly exist within a bosom which was certain that its eternal existence would be one continued and eternal misery. Yet I once heard a sensible

woman remark, that if the alternative with her was, that she should either be annihilated or spend her eternity in hell, she would choose the eternal existence in misery rather than be annihilated. Such at least was a strong evidence, in her case, of what I have affirmed of every human being—that all have within them, as one element of their being, a desire for continued and immortal existence. But as this desire is one constituent part of our souls, and consequently remaining with the saint in his heaven of complete happiness, it shall there receive its gratification, for augmenting our joys through eternal ages. For, while the saint there enjoys the familiar companionship and affection of the purified society of heaven, and satiates his thirst for increased knowledge at the sources which such a society from every age and every region shall afford him; and at other fountains which a perception of God's creation and providence over his universe shall lay open to his enlarging capacities, he shall *know*, from the assurance of his God, that this life of fullest joy shall be unending. In such circumstances of felicity he shall find this 'longing after immortality' a blessing of his eternal being, bearing home to his soul an additional exultation of joy while he thinks of the eternal life of the righteous; and that once seated in the 'many mansions' he shall go no more out for ever. As he casts back his thoughts to the untold sorrows from which he has been rescued, and

feels his soul swelling with the bliss of heaven to which he has been elevated, then shall the assurance that this is an *eternal* redemption—that this is a *deathless* feast of soul, give new ecstasy to his bliss and new value to his immortality. This feeling of safety shall blend itself with his swelling emotions of blessedness, more acceptably than wakes in the bosom of the shipwrecked mariner, just rescued from a grave of waters, when once more upon the solid beach he plants his firm footsteps. A feeling of safety more grateful than wakes in the bosom of a being just saved from the fatal plunge of a precipice, down which he casts his look, and thinks of his rescue as by a miracle from inevitable ruin. The rescue of the saint is a salvation from eternal ruin, and an elevation to the safety of a spirit who is tasting the full joys of heaven, whence he now knows his once jeopardized spirit shall never depart. No more shall he tremble for his safety ; but while he drinks in the untold happiness which angels know, there shall come over him the delightful consciousness that his desire for continued and immortal existence, amid such blessedness of a happy spirit, shall gain its full gratification, while the soul lives on in its joys immeasurable and eternal. Has he met, on

‘ the bright plains

Where the noontide of glory eternally reigns,’
a kindred spirit, and in the fellowship of kindred
minds communed, and loved, and worshipped—no

cloud there shall pass across the sunshine of his soul at the thought that the day shall come when the dearest relationships must be severed. Has he welcomed to the abodes of the blessed some endeared acquaintance from among the number with whom he sojourned while on his course of probation in this world—there renewing, in the kindness of their affection, the remembered acquaintance of earth—no fated hour shall dampen their spirits with the reflection that friends again must part. Or, shall the Christian mother there again meet her babes prematurely taken from her embraces here, to inherit their possessions above, (for ‘of such is the kingdom of heaven,’) no further pang shall afflict a heart

‘On mother’s feelings strung,’

when she there re-greets her child, and then, together, they enter on the course of eternal ages, as deathless spirits, and happy as they are immortal. Or shall the mind there be drinking from new fountains, opening to the soul thirsting for increasing knowledge, and delighting the spirit in its new acquisitions—no sad complaint, no melancholy apprehension shall cross his mind kindred to one found among the lines of a Grecian epitaph, that

‘A long, long, silent, dark, oblivious sleep,
A sleep which no propitious power dispels,’*

* *Αἱ αἰ, ται μαλαχαὶ μὲν ἐπὶ κατὰ κῆπον ὄλονται,
Ἡ τὰ χλωρὰ σελίνα, τὸ τ’εὐθαλὲς ἔλόν ἀνηθόν,*

may succeed. No. Each new accession to his knowledge shall but enlarge his capacities for increasing thought and for eternal acquisitions ; and in the plenitude of his enjoyment as an intellectual being, the thought that shall come over the soul and augment its ecstasy shall be, *'this is an eternal feast of soul ; and here my desire for immortal being shall meet its wish amid these exhaustless fountains of the joys of friendship, and intellectual delights, and bliss without alloy.* IN HEAVEN THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH.

‘ Heaven’s bliss is perfect, pure,
Friendship is there,
Heaven’s bliss is sure,
Deathless its heir.

Christ, he has gone before,
Saints, with their troubles o’er,
And still shall myriads more
Be gathered there.

Τ τερὸν αὐ ζῶντι, καὶ εἰς εἶς εἶος ἄλλο φροντι
 Ἀμμες δ’ οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ κατεροὶ ἡ σοφοὶ ἀνδρες,
 Ὅποτε πρῶτα θανῶμεν, ἀνοχοὶ ἐν χθονὶ κοίλα,
 Εὐδομες εὐ μαλὰ μακρὸν ἀτερμνα νηγρετον ὑπνον.

Alas ! the tender herbs, and flowery tribes,
 Though crushed by winter’s unrelenting hand,
 Revive and rise when vernal zephyrs call ;
 But we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 Bloom, flourish, fade, and fall,—and then succeeds
 A long, long, silent, dark, oblivious sleep ;
 A sleep, which no propitious power dispels,
 Nor changing seasons, nor revolving years.

MOSCHUS, Epitaph. Bion.

Souls for that joyous feast
Robe and prepare,
Holiness becomes the guest
That feasteth there.

What makes their joys complete ?
What wakes their hymns so sweet ?
There we our friends shall greet,
NOR DEATH IS THERE.' "

Here Mr. F. paused for a moment, and then resumed :

" If this inherent desire for continued and immortal existence be one of the elements of our being, the question may arise, Must it not also be a desire remaining in the soul of a lost spirit ? I suppose it must be. But like the desire for society and its friendships, and the desire for increasing knowledge, of which we have already spoken, so this desire for immortal existence, instead of administering to the happiness of lost spirits, will be a source, through the perversion of their nature, of an augmented misery. New knowledge to them will serve only to show more clearly the justness of God's dealings with them, and the sincerity of his good will towards them; and the unequivocal wish which God cherished that every immortal spirit should have availed himself of the terms of the bliss of heaven, and complied with these terms, as he might and ought, and as was his interest to have done. Every new perception which the lost soul shall gain through eternity shall but illustrate

more and more clearly the truth of all this, and thus inflict a deeper pang upon the spirits in the world of ruin, as they shall see their folly and ingratitude and madness, thus to have lost their souls and drew destruction upon themselves, when they might just as certainly, and infinitely more wisely and honourably have saved their deathless spirits, as was the wish of their God—and as all his influences and their own felt obligations urged them to do, by a compliance with the terms of a ceaseless happiness, which God, with ceaseless sincerity, urged upon them. It is such a perception of the goodness of God, of their own want of ingenuousness, and their loss eternal, which they cannot then repair, which shall bear home to the bosom of the ruined soul the bitter anguish of self-reproach, and regret, and despair, and hate, which none but a lost and conscience-smitten spirit can adequately conceive. But notwithstanding all this accumulated and accumulating sorrow, as intellectual spirits they must still desire knowledge, although it bears with it such daggers to pierce their immortal spirits through immortal ages. The desire is an indestructible element of their being.

“And it is thus the lost spirit also shall for ever long after immortality. The conception of Lord Byron, where he draws the character of Cain, is correct, when applied to this subject, as he makes him thus speak after the criminal murder of his brother :

' I live, and, living, see no thing
To make death hateful, save an *innate clinging*,
A loathsome and yet all invincible
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome.
And so I live. Would I had never lived.'

"This element of our being, then, is still with the lost in another state of existence. True, their misery may be such, their self reproach may be such, their shame and contempt for themselves may be such as to cause another wish to arise, not as one of the elements of their souls, but as the result of their sufferings, which, for a time, may overcome their native desire for immortality, while, to free themselves from mental anguish and woes untold, they would hail an hour of oblivion to their suffering spirits and thank their God for annihilation. But the desire of immortal existence is still an element of their souls, though it should yield to the circumstances of their sorrows, self-inflicted, as in the case of a man in the agonies of an injured limb; while he could never but desire its preservation, he yet might, to be relieved of its pain, choose to have it amputated.

"We see, then, that while this desire is still an element of the being of a lost spirit, it may never, as in the case of the happy experience of the saved, afford him an onward joy. It bears to him no relieving hope, to light up the pressure that weighs

down, and for ever shall weigh down his soul, through untold ages. Nor shall he find among the other elements of his being, one native susceptibility, that shall give him relief. Designed for his augmented bliss, they shall all then enhance his eternal wo. Nor elsewhere shall the lost spirit gain aught to allay the tumultuous throes of his bosom. In the world of wo, and through eternity, his perceptions shall be too distinct to permit him to gain any soothing palliatives in ignorance, or succour from any quibblings in doctrine or sophistry in argument. It shall be written fearfully and vividly on his own spirit, by his own clear perceptions of the truth—that *he knew his duty and did it not*. He might have entered heaven with some of his kindred and friends who chose the better part, but it will then be all too late with him ; while before him shall stretch the disconsolate way of an unblest soul, without the anticipation of one joy to mitigate the eternal anguish of a withered and despairing spirit.

“Surely,” continued Mr. F., “these tremendous truths as they come up to our view must appeal to our sensibilities—to our self-love—to our deathless interests. To the Christian, it calls on him for gratitude, that he is possessed of a hope, that this inherent longing of the soul for immortality shall be met and be gratified in his case, in the full fruition of those joys, which make up the blessed ex-

perience of the saved. Let us then give God the tribute of grateful thanks, and vow before him, amid the associations of this moment and the mementoes of our mortality among these grounds, devouter attachment than has yet swelled our bosoms; and go forth on our course, wherever it leads, with inspiring hopes—hopes enough, as we look forward to those blessed mansions, to cast the brightest and the best of this world's expectations into the dimmest distance of the vision of an immortal spirit.

“And if I might suppose that one of our number, gathered to this retreat this evening,” continued Mr. F., in a tone of friendly conciliation, “is yet uncheered with the hopes of which we have been speaking, and while you are now addressed from every point of these grounds, that ‘flesh is but grass;’ and that the sun seen through these vistas so fair this evening, may go down on your mortal existence before many more days or weeks, I would ask you, with the feelings of one who has estimated with a full heart the hazards of his impenitent friends, whether this subject of the future destiny and circumstances of the deathless spirit cannot gain an interest in your feelings? If, in the trifles of the passing and to each of us fleet world, we can find much to attract, to beguile, and to render happy, can you find no temptation in the far greater bliss that is proffered to us for far longer years? O

remember," added Mr. F., in his eloquent tone, "remember the interests of your precious being, which can be made delighted even by such trifles, and be so bitterly depressed by the merest sorrow. When ages on ages shall have rolled away, your spirits shall be yet more sensitive, and long as devoutly for happiness then, as is that desire which now urges you, for a passing joy, to jeopardize the lasting welfare of your souls. Millions of years hence," continued Mr. F., with deeper intonation and impressiveness, "shall you have this desire for happiness swelling your bosoms more strongly than now. And shall it be satiated? Where then will you be? Annihilated? No! In a world where hope comes not? That now, since God has done his part, depends upon yourselves. And shall the lost spirit there find this immortal longing for happiness met? No! The desire there shall still be one element of his being, but it shall administer the deepest curse that shall ever be noted in the annals that record the anguish of a damned spirit. O, allow me," said Mr. F., rising from his seat in the emotion of his feelings, "allow me to entreat, that you think of it! Think of it now—a soul immortal, *longing*, from the very nature of its being, for immortal happiness through immortal years, and yet never once gaining the faintest gleam of the longed-for boon of spirit! It shall be like the wretch eternally dying but never dead, with a quenchless thirst and

with his lips just at the fountain that would allay his anguish, but he cannot reach it ! Or will you, as you may, gain the fruition of this eternal longing of the spirit in heaven ? This, also, now depends upon yourselves. All things have been prepared, on the part of God. '*All things are ready.*' Your part alone remains to be acted—*your surrender of your heart to God.* And my prayer to the Eternal, at this hallowed moment and amid these hallowed shades, is, that ye may hereafter satiate this eternal element of your spirits, beneath the smile of a complacent and inviting God."

Mr. F. had become considerably excited while presenting his thoughts, at this last visit of the party to this enchanting retreat, where the living seek a rural walk among the monuments of the dead. And aware that some hearts among his listeners were feelingly affected, he delivered himself, while concluding his remarks with the emphasis and the solemnity of one ending a passionate address. He immediately recollected himself, however, and with a playful smile, offered his arm to Mrs. E., and proposed that they should take their *final view* of "sweet Auburn." Little Rosa E., who had been permitted to accompany the party this afternoon, familiarly took the hand of Mr. F., and the party were soon scattered through the different paths of this forest burial-ground ; and after a half hour, were again seeking their carriages.

SECTION VIII.

THE next morning, which was Saturday morning, Mrs. E. with a book in her hand, and Miss Ella V. with her needle and lace, were seated on a sofa, in one part of the ladies' parlour, at the Tremont House. Little Rosa E. was at her mother's feet, looking over a quantity of prints, which Magdalen her nurse thought very pretty, and seemed desirous of making Rosa admire them for their rural beauties, as they were made up of country houses, and milk-maids, and shepherds collecting their flocks, and other things in like keeping with rural life.

Mr. F. entered the parlour and took his seat beside the two ladies, now at their leisure. At this hour the room was generally vacated by the guests of the house.

"How happy might our life be in this world," said Mrs. E., "were we, as Christians, always to retain a consistent persuasion of our reconciliation with our God. I have been reading the memoirs you mentioned the second evening of our ride to MOUNT AUBURN. The subject of this memoir," continued Mrs. E., referring to the book in her hand, "seemed always to have enjoyed such a persuasion; and as a consequence of it, which resulted from his holy living, was always happy."

"You know, Mrs. E.," said Mr. F., "that I have an invitation to preach in —— church, to-morrow. I have some sermons on the *evidences of Christian character*. For your pleasure, if it may prove such, and as it may be a source of some consolation to others," and here Mr. F. directed his look towards Miss V., "I will choose them for that occasion. I can then say something which I might desire to suggest on this subject. But as I promised you, as we were leaving the grounds at MOUNT AUBURN last evening, to speak of the difficulty which you suggested, in connection with the subject about which we had conversed several times; and as I now have a leisure moment, and you seem to be quite disengaged and left by yourselves here, I will give you a few thoughts that may serve to remove what, otherwise, might still remain a difficulty on your mind in connection with our thoughts on the probable sources of the joys of the saints in heaven.

"The difficulty which you suggested, if I rightly remember, was this. If it be true that, as Christians, we shall meet and know our Christian friends in heaven, so we shall necessarily *miss* those of our friends who are not there. This would give us pain. But heaven is a place of *perfect* happiness. Therefore, as a knowledge of the eternal loss of some of our friends would give us sorrow, we must conclude that we shall not know

our friends in another world. Such was the drift of your thoughts as you suggested them.

"I would here remark by the way, with the design of making an application of the same by and by, that a thing is considered perfect, which is as much so as is possible in the nature of things. We say that God is omnipotent—can do any thing—and yet, in the nature of things, so long as the Deity leaves things with the relations they now sustain to each other, God, though a perfectly omnipotent being, cannot make two and two seventeen and a half.

"To prove, however, that we shall meet and know our friends in another world, I will give a few further suggestions. We all know, from our own consciousness, that our spiritual being or soul which thinks, loves, hates, is happy or is miserable, is made up of certain attributes or powers, one of which is *memory*. Now this property of the mind, or of the soul, can no more be destroyed than our power of thinking or reasoning, or the power of loving or hating. We have no mental feeling independent of that which our thinking produces. These things or attributes of the mind go to make up the mental being that we call our spirit, as much as tasting, seeing, hearing, and external touch go to make up part of the sensitive attributes of the body. Take away these attributes of the body and it is dust. Take away these attri-

butes of the soul and it is annihilated. *The attributes dependent upon our body, of course, cease when the body is separated from the soul.* But the soul, from its very nature, is an indestructible thing, and cannot lose its attributes, or any one of them, which go to make up the very being that it is. Take away the memory, and how could we reason—for in the process of reasoning the memory holds up before the mind two or more objects for our comparison. We pass from the one to the other, and draw our conclusions. But how could we reason without we could remember what we last passed from, that we may recur back to it, for comparison? And how, when we had recurred back, could we again recur to what we had left in our mind, without the assistance of our memory? And without the power of reasoning, we could not see the fitness of things in this or in the other world—and by consequence, could not know the justness of God's dealings with his creatures on the judgment day, the object of which is to show to a universe of immortal and responsible beings, that He who hath made all things doeth all things right. And without this perception of the justness of God's judgments, at the final tribunal, and of the propriety and the fitness of things in his government, past and through eternity, the worship of the saints around his throne would be a blind service, unworthy of intelligent and reasonable beings,

but which they offer up to an intelligent, and wise, and holy God. In this world, we look at the creation, we behold God's works. As we see their greatness and their fitness in their happy tendencies, we adore him for his power, praise him for his wisdom, and love him for his goodness. So in heaven, clearer and larger perceptions of his power, and wisdom, and goodness, in his works and in his government over his creation, and over sinful and ransomed beings, shall wake, with yet deeper emotion, the adoration, and praise, and love of the redeemed, in their full enjoyment of the bliss of heaven. But to gain these clearer and larger perceptions of the justness, and benevolence, and wisdom of God in his moral government over us, and in his works, we shall have to look at them with the *reasoning power* of the mind, which power, as I have said before, can only be exercised by the assistance of the memory. Therefore the memory must remain with us in another world. But if our memory remains with us, we come to the necessary conclusion, that in heaven we shall retain by our recollection more or less of this world's concerns, and of our relations in it. These things will be forgotten only as time and objects of intenser interest to our thoughts shall exclude them from the mind.

“And thus it is; our memories remaining what they are, and our spiritual being in heaven gaining

its happiness in the gratification of its desires for society and friendship and knowledge—as I have previously illustrated—of course, our familiar companionship and continued and eternal intercourse with kindred spirits in another world will lead to a recognition of our Christian friends. To what other conclusion, from the very nature of our being and the future necessary circumstances of that being in the society of heaven, can we reach? To my mind, none other.

“But here occurs the difficulty to which you have alluded,” said Mr. F., addressing Mrs. E., “and which probably occupies the minds of many. If we shall meet and remember our Christian friends so we shall remember others who died in impenitence, and they being missed from the courts of the blessed, it will cause sorrow to the bosom of the saints. Painful as the reflection may be, and at first view different from what may have been our previous impressions, I am necessarily led to the conclusion that it must be so; but I yet think the subject may be placed in a relieving and proper light.

“Let us then recur to a passage in Hebrews,” said Mr. F., opening a small Bible which he held in his hand, “and quote from it a paragraph, to assist us in our illustrations. ‘But with whom was he *grieved* forty years? Was it not with them that had sinned?’

"There is a principle, which naturally arises out of this and similar expressions of the Bible," continued Mr. F., "which I think will show us that the difficulty we are considering may be made to appear as one of those incidental circumstances of our fallen world, which, men once having become sinners, cannot in the nature of things be prevented. I quote a few other passages," said Mr. F., as he turned to different parts of the book he held in his hand. "The Psalmist represents the Eternal to say, 'Forty years long was I *grieved* with this generation, and said, it is a people that do err in their hearts.' 'How oft did they *grieve* him in the desert,' is the further language of the Psalmist. And St. Paul exhorts the Ephesians 'to *grieve not* the Holy Spirit of God,' by which they are sealed unto the day of redemption. These passages are sufficient for my purpose in quoting them. They speak of *GRIEF in the bosom of God when looking upon sinners*.

"It is often said, when we find such language in the Scriptures, that we are to limit its meaning, as it cannot be supposed that God can be affected by any emotion similar to the feeling we call grief, for that would be to make the Deity unhappy. But I would ask, on what authority we are forced to make such a limitation. This once admitted and we should have to make the same restriction with regard to joy. And it often is made. But I

know of no such limitation, when I hear such words falling from the compassionate lip of a holy God over sinners, whom he made that they might be happy, but who are perverting their privileges, and marring the purity of his kingdom, and bringing ceaseless ruin upon themselves. Is there no cause for grief in all this, to a holy Being—to a benevolent Being—to ONE, who, in his sincerely felt interest for their salvation, even gave the Son of his bosom, that they might be rescued from sorrow, and elevated to the happiness of heaven and the renewed love of their Creator? Is there no cause for grief, such as a father feels when his tears flow over the recollections of a wandering and ruined child? How could God, in such circumstances of his erring kingdom, respect himself, as a *holy* and *benevolent* Being, if he had not the appropriate feelings of grief when he looked upon such moral perversion and ruin? So also when the apostles speak of the love of God towards his creatures which invites them back to his affections, does not this mean something? ‘God *so loved* the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.’ Does this not mean any thing, as to the *feelings* of God? Does it not mean that the feeling which wakes in the bosom of God over his created beings is kindred to that which we call the love of the parent; though infinitely more

intense and kind in the Deity than in man? God created man in his 'own image,' we are told, which image consists in mental constitution and moral feeling. And therefore, the way by which we are to estimate the feelings of God, is to consult our own. And when we are told that we must not reason from man up to God, I beg leave rather to say that it is the only right or possible way we can reason of the feelings of God. The Deity then is grieved over the sinner in the circumstances of his offending against the rule of right in which the sinner has placed himself. It is *benevolence* looking upon ruin. It is *holiness* looking upon sin. And these feelings of grief have all their characteristics of sorrow about them in the bosom of God, that they have when waking in the heart of a grieved parent over the wanderings of a wayward child. So that we see that it is not all a mere ado which God, in his word, makes about sin. The sinner in breaking his law incurs the fearful responsibility of marring the holy kingdom of God to the *positive and deep grief* of its almighty Creator.

"We see then that there may be grief—mental sorrow, and consequently mental pain—in the bosom of a holy God, whom we consider, and rightly consider completely happy—that is, as happy as, in the nature of things it is possible for him, as a *holy and benevolent* being, to be. And I think it

may be rendered plain that God is infinitely happier with this mental grief than he otherwise, as a holy God, could be, in the circumstances of man's sinning, without it, and that, according to every principle of correct judgment, he is a nobler being with this feeling, in the circumstances of his sinning kingdom, than he would be without it.

"To illustrate this point then, (and ere long I shall apply it to the case of the saints in heaven,) take the earthly parent himself, who has an erring child. The parent would rather that his child should not have wandered, and have saved him the grief which, as a parent, he feels for his erring child. But the child once having disobeyed his father's precepts and brought ruin on himself, the parent cannot but grieve over the prodigal. And in such a case, the parent would choose that this grief should be the inmate of his bosom. For if he did not feel grief in such circumstances, what could he think of himself—what could we think of him—what would all mankind think of him? Without such a feeling, would he be more or less noble? With such a feeling, he shows himself the better father, and the holier man, with his native sensibilities, which ennoble his moral being, yet unperverted. We then see that here is mental pain, but it is a grief, which, in the circumstances of the offending child, the parent would rather have than not; for without it, in such a case, he could not

respect himself nor be respected, as a benevolent parent, by others.

“Take another case. No Christian can hear the name of his God taken in vain, without mental pain—a feeling of grief. But while he feels this aching of heart over the profanity of one who forgets his God, it tells him at the same time that he is a nobler and a holier being with this feeling than he would be had he felt no such grief, when hearing the profanation of the swearer. Without it, he could have had no complacency in his own Christian character ; with it, he has ; and thus, although he would choose that the swearer should not have indulged his profanity in his hearing, yet having heard it, the Christian would rather have felt this sorrow than not, and is happier with the feeling of mental grief, in the case, than he could be had he not felt this grief or mental pain. This pain, therefore, *in the circumstances supposed*, increases rather than diminishes his happiness.

“Apply these two cases to the character of God. He is a Being who has given existence to a moral universe. As a holy Being he desires that his creatures should remain holy, and he cannot look upon sin with any allowance, and as a benevolent Being he desires their eternal happiness. But when he looks upon the objects of his creative power and benevolent care, he sees them sinking themselves in sin, and by their disobedience to his pure precepts,

bringing ruin upon their immortal souls. What other feelings, I then ask, as a *benevolent* and *holy* God, can he have when he contemplates the subjects of his creative goodness rejecting their truest interests and marring the purity of his holy kingdom except the feelings of sorrow—of grief—of mental pain? And while he remains a holy God how can he respect himself if he does not have these feelings, when he looks upon sin? And while he remains a benevolent God, how can he respect himself, or be respected by others, if he does not possess this feeling of grief as he sees the beings, whom he made that they might be happy, thus ruining themselves? True, God as a holy and benevolent being, would rather that sin and ruin should not have been committed and its penalty incurred by his creatures, and by their continued holiness have saved him the necessary grief of a holy and benevolent God looking upon sin and ruin. But, they having once sinned, and thus ruined themselves, I ask, where were his holiness, and where his benevolence, if these feelings of grief and sorrow wake not in his bosom, as a holy and benevolent God? And had he not these feelings, how could he respect himself in the character which he has given us of himself; or how could he be respected by his universe? But with these feelings in the circumstances of his sinful beings, which we have supposed, do we not see, that in the eye of every principle

of holiness and benevolence, it renders God a nobler Being than he could be deemed to be if he felt no emotion of grief over such degeneracy of character and eternal ruin of soul? And without such feelings in such circumstances of his kingdom he could have no complacency in his own character; and therefore, in the nature of things, it is what is fit should be felt, as the Deity himself has described to us to be the fitness of things, and given us perceptions thus rightly to estimate them. And these feelings, therefore, in the bosom of God, though in their very nature a mental sorrow, he would choose as a holy and benevolent God to have; and as such a holy and benevolent Being, he is happier with them than he would be without them, when thus contemplating his sinning and ruined subjects.

“We see, then, that in the circumstances of a sinful world, there may be such a thing as grief in the bosom of a holy and happy God. But it is the grief which a holy and benevolent Being feels over sin and ruin. And as the proper feelings of such a character, in such circumstances, instead of their diminishing the happiness of the Deity, he could not be a holy and benevolent and happy God without them. For to be fully blessed we must have complacency in our own character. And without such feelings God, as a holy and benevolent God, could not approve his own character.

“Now, then,” continued Mr. F., “let us apply

these remarks to the ransomed spirits in heaven. There, *they* shall be holy beings, and yet from the very nature of the soul, as we have seen, they must retain the powers of memory and the native sensibilities of their spiritual being. As holy beings they must and they will approve that which is right, else they could have no complacency in their own character. They shall see the justice of God's dealings and approbate them. But like their God, when he looks upon the sin and the ruin of the lost, so their bosoms as holy and benevolent beings must feel involuntary grief over such desolation in holiness and happiness. But it is the pity and the sorrow of an angel, which makes them yet more angels, and rises in their souls, as the *necessary emotion* of holy and benevolent beings, in the very nature of things; and although it be an involuntary emotion of grief — of mental pain—instead of diminishing the amount of their happiness, as holy and benevolent beings, it augments it, and they could not be happy as such pure beings without it; for a moral being to be happy must have complacency in his own character. And this the saints in heaven could not have, unless they cherished the feeling to which I have alluded, over the conscious ruin of moral beauty and happiness, among the spirits of the lost.

“We hence see, that while a ransomed spirit mingles in the society of heaven, and thinks on the

world of desolation, he may yet miss from the courts of the blessed, friends whom he knew upon earth, who died in impenitence. Yes, I doubt it not. Many a pious mother shall know assuredly that her child, who repented not, is coursing its endless way in eternal wo. And some pious child shall remember the unfeeling mother, who took her separate course to a world of sorrow. Companions there, shall remember lost companions. Sisters and remembered sisters, be eternally separated. And brothers know that a brother once beloved, and yet remembered with an involuntary emotion of pity and grief, is surely depressed, with an eternal weight of anguish. Does any one ask if this can be heaven? If not, then there can be no heaven in the bosom of the Eternal. He loved each of these with a love dearer than ever mother loved her child, and he knows and remembers them all, and sees the full sorrow they must eternally feel. And hence he resigned his Son to die to ransom each of them, would they but comply with the necessary conditions of the proffered salvation, and thus return to their allegiance. But they have been their own destroyers, notwithstanding all which a benevolent and affectionate God could do to lead them back to his love. No, there is not one vindictive feeling that awakes or ever shall awake in his bosom against them. While writhing in their sorrows of remorse, and regret, and despair, and self-contempt through-

out eternal ages, they shall yet have the grief and the involuntary pity of the benevolent bosom of their God, while he yet will frown on their continued sin, throughout eternity. And while in their dark prison-house they for ever shall be sealed, they yet are his children by creation, whom he wished to make happy, and sacrificed much to render happy—some of them, perhaps, our friends, severed from us for ever—and still shall he regard them with the heart of a merciful God, who yet, as a holy and benevolent governor toward his whole universe, will and must preserve the holy law of his universe over his free and moral beings.

“But all this, to us, if we are Christians,” continued Mr. F., “shall render heaven no less desirable. And it may be, that this knowledge of the lost shall be the very thing, which, as an additional influence added to other considerations, shall render heaven, to us, an eternal abode. For, we shall be kept there only by moral influences—the influence of motives addressed to yet free and moral agents. No compulsion shall hold heaven’s inhabitants within its ‘many mansions.’ It will be their love to God—and gratitude—and love of holiness—and of heaven’s happiness—and the fear of hell’s sorrows, as the known ‘wages of sin,’ which shall address the mind of a sainted spirit in bliss. It is by such influences, that angels are now kept in heaven. No compulsion—no necessity pre-

serves to them their high estate. They are yet free, or they could not yet be holy, as holiness is free and voluntary obedience to the rule of right.

"Thus, and there," continued Mr. F., "shall we read, with the eye of a holy and redeemed spirit, the justice of a holy and benevolent God, who rules his free, moral universe, by the influence of motives, addressed to their intellectual, free, and moral being. We shall see that hell is but the promptings of the purest benevolence, in the feelings of a holy ruler over his whole universe, who aims to secure the greatest amount of happiness in a creation of free, intellectual and moral spirits. He wished their happiness, and through eternity shall regard them as a parent follows the footsteps of a prodigal, ruined, never-returning child. And while as beings that are made to appreciate what is right we shall approbate the conduct of our God, though we should know that some most dear to us on earth have lain down in unending sorrow, we yet shall partake of the full bliss that shall flow from the companionship of the pure society of heaven, and, together with them, feast the soul with ever augmenting knowledge throughout eternal ages, and know, while in the fruition of this blessedness of happy spirits, that it shall be an undying—an eternal feast of soul.

"To me," added Mr. F. after a moment's pause, "this view of the subject, which I have presented,

proffers to us, as Christians, if we are such, an additional motive for effort in our action for the salvation of our kindred and friends. As we look over those, dear to us, who have no present hope that, in peace, they will meet the awards of the last day, is there not enough in the idea, that, in heaven, we may *miss* them, to the deep involuntary grief of our souls, to rouse us to effort and prayer in their behalf? Think of the full and lasting bliss that shall feast the soul in paradise among saints, and seraphim, and the redeemed hosts of heaven. Shall the dark thought there, ever gather over us, that some friend and kindred, very dear, hath forfeited this proffered, and to us, enjoyed bliss, and is on a course of eternal sorrow? God save us from such a remembrance, if our present action, under his holy influences, may wake our delaying friends from their fearful lethargy about their future interests, and cause them to put in their claim while they may, to this proffered redemption. Let us then assure our friends, in the language of their Eternal Friend, that 'all things are now ready.' 'Come, *every one* that thirsteth' for these blessed and lasting enjoyments. 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.' Would we save our friends, we should raise devoutly the prayer to God that they may yield to the holy influences moving over their spirits, in this world, and urging them to repentance and to the dedication of

their souls to God. O yes," said Mr. F., with mel-
 lowed feelings, as he continued, "let us, as we have
 the opportunity, assure them with flowing tears
 and with hearts that feel, that the love of God is
 waiting for them, and that *they may* secure it by
 giving up their devotion to him without delay.
 Tell them, from your own delightful hopes, that
 there is joy in the experience of the Christian, in
 his bright anticipations of bliss, which shall satiate
 the capacities of our undying spirits. The hours
 of earth are brief. The time we have for action
 among our friends, and for God, is short. For one
 then, I would urge, as I have opportunity, with
 freedom and with affection, those I esteem and
 love, to secure to themselves the hopes of a Chris-
 tian, that together we may course the realms of
happy, sainted, social, intellectual, and immortal
spirits.

After a few moments, Mr. F. rose and left the
 parlour. Mrs. E. and Miss Ella V., for some time
 indulged, each her separate thoughts in silence ;
 when little Rosa E. approaching the sofa, upset her
 mother's basket. Among other things, a scrap of
 paper with the following lines fell from the basket.
 The lines were written by Mr. F. two or three days
 before the party left New-York, and were occa-
 sioned by the death of one of the most interesting
 young ladies of the circle of Ella V.'s sister. Miss
 V. had copied them for her friend Mrs. E. She

took up the paper and re-perused it aloud, as not inaptly associated with the preceding conversation.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE MEMORY OF LAURA H.

I knew thee not, the young and gay,
With silver voice and eye of light,
But heard guitar and minstrelsy
Awoke for thee in hours of night.

I knew thee not on Broadway side,
With step of grace and nature's air,
But heard thou wast on promenade,
The gorgeous belle and lady fair.

I knew thee not, when came the hour
Which threw its shadows on thy way,
But heard those shades had mystic power
To quell the thoughtless and the gay.

I knew thee not, when messenger
Sought noiselessly thy muffled door,
But heard each answer through the sphere,
Thy circle saddened but the more.

I knew thee not, when forth the word
Announced the thrilling tale,
That thou wast for thy funeral robed;
The young, the loved, the beautiful!

I knew thee not, when holy light
Illumed thy spirit as it fled,
And hopes that thou art bless'd were bright,
As "dust" fell on thy coffin-lid.

I knew thee not, when carriage line
 Was seen to move, with solemn tread,
 To bear the weepers slowly on
 To find thy place among the dead.

But I was called by those who mourn—
 Thy tale was whispered in my ear—
 Then 'mong the mourners I was borne,
 And at thy grave I shed my tear.

Rest then, thou beautiful and gone !—
 To know thee ne'er to me was given ;
 Yet when thou wakest from thy tomb,
 I'll hope to *know thee well* in heaven,

SECTION IX.

IN the afternoon succeeding the morning of the conversation in the parlour of the Tremont House, as given in the preceding section, it was proposed that the party should take their last view of Boston and the surrounding neighbourhood from the cupola of the State House. They had visited Bunker Hill, Charlestown, and various other places of interest and of olden patriotic association in the vicinity of this city, so appropriately styled the cradle of the Revolution. They had received the elegant hospitality of a number of the families in the city, and had made their last return calls. Availing themselves of a leisure hour after dining, they sought this elevated and commanding position, and contemplated the gorgeous scene which lay before them. As they traced the picturesque panorama which surrounded them, the gaze of Ella V., while leaning on the arm of her friend Mrs. E., lingered longest on the dim foliage of Mount Auburn, now seen in the distance. Their attention was at length recalled, as one of the party pointed out the beautiful symmetry of one of our majestic frigates, with her sails all furled, and her yards squared, advancing from among the

islands of the harbour, and borne along in her rapid approach up the channel as if by some spell of enchantment. But it was soon discovered that a small steam-boat was under her larboard beam, propelling the gallant ship through the still waters, towards the moorings of other noble vessels of her class, lying at the docks of the navy-yard, at Charlestown.

"It reminds me," said Mr. F., as his eye was also directed towards the object, "of a thrilling scene I witnessed on the Mississippi during a past winter. We were at anchor early of the morning, in a beautiful U. S. Cutter, inside the bar which stretches across the southwest pass of the Mississippi. The topmasts of four ships, lying at their moorings like ourselves, were seen in the distance peering above the white volumes of fog, which hung heavily on the waters, but at this moment was lifting under the influence of the early sun. The morning was as beautiful as a mild atmosphere, an unrippled expanse of water, and the reign of a still calm, unbroken even by a solitary gull, screaming in its passage by, could render it.

"The captain, myself, and young S., a college-friend and fellow traveller of mine, were pacing the quarter-deck, when we heard the puff of steam in the offing. Soon we caught the glimpse of a white column of vapour curling up above the darker mists of fog that had gathered over the ex-

panse of waters which, in floods, are hourly pouring from the seven mouths of the Mississippi. We soon perceived the top-gallant masts of a brig above the stratum of fog, cutting her way through this misty ocean; and soon, she emerged in the rear of the steamer, as the two vessels made their appearance off the bar. The steamer urged on her course with the prize for which she had been cruising, off the southwest pass, during the night. A brig and packet-ship, one of the Philadelphia barques, had already been conveyed over the bar by the same steamer, the preceding day. This new ally, with ourselves, made out a full tow for the 'Heroine,' a powerful boat, engaged with many others in towing vessels from the mouth of the river up the current of the rapid Mississippi. The steamer came up with the brig, and soon took the ship, lying at a short distance from us, under her right wing. As they came onward, a line was thrown aboard our cutter from the steamer. Our hawser being attached to it, the fastening was soon drawn on board the Heroine, and we fell into the wake of the ship as our anchor was weighed, and the powerful boat stood on her course to take yet another brig, which lay ahead of us, into our little fleet.

"'What news from Boston?' we asked, as we were advancing, side by side, with the brig that last came over the bar.

“ ‘None, only the snow was four feet deep when we left there.’

“ ‘Ay, sir,’ was responded, ‘the fairies down hereaway fan us with softer breezes, and conjure up for us a milder climate.’

“ ‘True, Fahrenheit as here he reads the mercury-scale to us to-day, would very much discompose the sisters of the fairies, of whom you speak, were they to keep a like log for the seventeenth of January in Boston. The sleigh-bells and the fairy-belles would not long chime together, as they dash on their rides of a moon-lit night, to catch for their cheeks the carmine of the late rose-coloured Northern Aurora.’

“ ‘Sentiment and poetry, captain,” continued we from our deck, ‘they say are sister-spirits. We perceive, though the frost of New England does not banish them, they yet sometimes make a traverse down hereaway. How long since you left the northern Athens ; and what is there new in the way of poems, prose-works, and presidents ?’

“ ‘There you are a little too hard for me again,’ replied the New Englander. ‘As for poetry, we left it as we crossed the emerald-green waters of the bay, and rode on the billows of the

“ deep, deep, blue sea,”

and star-gazed at the light-houses above us, when the light-houses of the land were afar. The latest

prose is Mr. E.'s extra message, and my mate's log-book. As to politics, why, sirs, you know, as with the petticoats, we of the water-craft have little to do with them.'” Mr. F. gently inclined his head to the ladies as he added, “Excuse me, but it was à la the captain, who continued: But the pilot tells me you are from Tampa last. What news of the twenty million and brevet-war, I pray, sirs?”

“‘Good, by the feather of Miconopa,’ said our captain, as an officer of the army came upon the quarter-deck. ‘That is a question for you, Lieutenant L. That fellow has been to college, I s——,’ adding an oath, which, as a landsman, I may be permitted to omit—‘and sharpened his wits, as every sensible man will do, on salt water.’

“The Lieutenant responded: ‘Jumper, the secretary of state to his majesty Miconopa’s kingdom, made an eloquent speech at the grand talk; and with the heir apparent, his lordship Hoolotoochee, has touched the quill to the articles of capitulation, as General J. calls them, but which were not explained to the Indians as any thing else than a new treaty, ratifying the old one, and engaging on their part, to go to the west, so soon as the flies shall drive up their stray cattle and ponies for the government to pay the change for. As to the brevets, the most acceptable one to the army general, is, that they will briefly leave the field of glorious war, and look to the General for a recom-

mendation favourable to the department for a few more of the acceptable trifles of which you speak.'

" 'The Indian hath the eye of an eagle, and sees a great way off,' continued the captain of the brig, in his characteristic style. 'He has whipped the white skins. He knew that his trail was shortening; and with the shrewdness of a red warrior, he has accepted the terms before the army, in turn, shall whip him, that he may bear away his soft haired scalps in triumph, and dance around the war-pole, and sing the song of successful warriors, when he reaches his western home.'

" 'Set your course there,' cried the captain of the steamer, through his trumpet, from the promenade deck of the Heroine; 'clew down your top-sails, and have a pull upon your larboard braces.'

" 'Ay, ay, sir,' cried the mate of the brig; and the evolution for a moment suspended the conversation from the quarter-decks of the two vessels. The order, in substance, was repeated for us. The sails were set, as the breeze began to spring up. The vessels were entering one of the long reaches of the river, and soon began to slacken the hawsers, which united us to the tugging steamer.

"The loungers on the quarter-deck had dispersed themselves for a time, some one of them occasionally emerging from the cabin, to discover, if possible, some variety in the monotonous shores, which they were now passing.

“We had slowly urged our course up the river, within about a mile of the junction of the north-east pass with the main stream, when young S. and myself were again on the quarter-deck. We had perceived that a number of passengers were on board the *Gazelle*, the beautiful name of the packet-ship before us. At about ten o'clock, an hour previous to the occurrence of the incident towards which we are hastening, two or three ladies were seen promenading the quarter-deck of the ship. They manifested great sprightliness—delighted by the change of scene, having just arrived over the bar after a passage at sea, and pleased with the novelty of being towed, side by side, by a steamer, in company with three other vessels—one under either wing of the boat, the others in their wake—all making up a gallant little fleet, which now advanced together on its course in beautiful consort and grandeur against the opposing current of the giant river. At this moment the ladies, in their apparent glee, were seen springing from the quarter-deck of the *Gazelle* over a plank extending to the upper deck of the steamer, when occasional bursts of laughter would reach us, as if they were performing great feats of seamanship or female daring. They had now jumped upon the promenade deck of the steamer, and were sprightly skipping over it, descending the steps which were at the immediate stern of the boat, leading to the main or lower

deck. They had several times repeated this movement, entering the cabin of the steamer, and otherwise amusing themselves, apparently exulting in the liberty they were enjoying, after the confinement of so many days within the circumscribed bounds of a single vessel.

“‘ Oh, F. !’ said young S. to me, with emotion, as he paused a moment, with his arms folded upon his breast and gazed on the distant figures of the young ladies, who had again gathered on the promenade deck of the *Heroine*, ‘ how my heart goes forward to meet my friends, after these three years absence from home. Greece, Italy, France, and England, have all amused me much, and I could hope I have gained some advantage in my observations of persons and things. But it is a lonely hour that often gathers over us abroad, however numerous our letters may have been, and flattering the attentions of strangers in a distant land. The heart yearns for home—for the familiar faces of those we love—the sweet voice of a sister, as in past hours we have sat at her side on some rural bench beneath the green foliage of the clustering trees, and listened to her sweet and young voice, accompanied by her guitar ; and whom you have loved with almost a romantic affection, and wholly, with a brother’s heart. I most sincerely thank our countryman, the author of

‘ Home, sweet, sweet home, ’

for embodying the beautiful conception which has filled the vision of every man, who has travelled. And the music to which the words are set is so exquisite and simple, that it has rendered the piece the height of the pathetic, and brought it home to the bosom of every lover of poetry and song. One forgets that they are not his own words, and his own cadences, as he hears the plaintive air and lets his melancholy yet happy musings cluster with the memories of home.'

"The eye of young S. was still on the lady-forms flitting on the promenade-deck of the steamer, as if he traced in the air of one of them the recollected attitudes of some remembered friend.

"We were now just entering the expanse of water, where the several passes of the river diverge. The steamer was pressing forward with all her power, while the sails of the four vessels were spread, to assist our passage through the rapid current.

"'Gods!' suddenly exclaimed young S., as a scream came from the forward vessel. He sprang, with a single leap, to the spanker halliards, and severing them with his knife, he placed himself, with one end of the coil in his hand, upon the gunwale of the cutter. 'Let run the hawser there, men! Give it all away—and back the ship, and save the woman overboard! Mr. F.,' he added hastily, 'bend the other end of these halliards to this side fender and throw it overboard, if the rope runs out before I reach the woman.'

“‘Clear away the boat!’ sounded from the captain, who had rushed upon the deck, and at once comprehended the scene, while a dozen hands had sprung to the quarter-deck, anticipating the order.

“Young S. had struck the water between the two vessels, where he expected the young lady would rise, whom he had seen precipitated from the main-deck of the steamer, and as instantly carried under by the rushing current and the high swell which the wheels of the boat had raised, and which were now running with fearful velocity between the two after vessels. He went under; and it was a fearful time before he re-appeared upon the surface of the water. The halliards had already run out the coil before the vessel could be checked. I cut the buoy from the side of the cutter, and committed him to heaven and the tide. It was a long breath that was drawn by every bosom on board, and he rose within five feet of the lady, who was now struggling in the last agonies of a drowning person, when the muscular arm of young S. seized the back part of her dress, at the neck.

“‘Thank God!’ broke forth in a deep-drawn but suppressed breath from more than one sickened bosom.

“The boats from each of the four vessels were instantly in the water; and the cutter’s light yawl had flown almost out of water to the rescue of their struggling favourite, who was often borne

down by the current and the now unconscious being whom he endeavoured to hold above the surface of the water. It was but a few moments; yet as each one leaned forward, as if they would add impulse to the flying boat, it seemed an age of delay, while each man raised his prayer to God that they might not sink before they were reached by the boat.

“ ‘Swim!’ cried the captain of the cutter at the top of his voice as he stood upon the taffarel ‘swim!’ ‘courage’—‘courage, my brave fellow!’ ‘Pull, men, pull for your lives!’ continued to echo from our captain, with astonishing presence of mind and effect.

“ Thanks to God, they were reached. The mate of the cutter who had thrown himself into the boat with his men, seized the noble and now nearly exhausted S., as he was raised with his rescued and insensible burden, to the boat.

“ What a moment was that on board of the five vessels, in full view of which the scene occurred. No one can describe it. Not a syllable was uttered, as the return boats were seen to move back to the vessels. A faintness still fainter oppressed the bosom, and as pure gratitude, at that moment, rose from many hearts to God, as was ever breathed by grateful lips.

“ Young S. now lay almost as insensible as the lovely being whom he had rescued from such a grave.

The other boats put back to their several vessels, which were now drifting down the stream, as the steamer stopped her wheels; and the cutter's yawl, with the two insensible sufferers, pulled for the *Gazelle*. They were gently borne to the cabin as the eyes of young S. opened, and indicated his resuscitation. The young lady was conveyed to her berth, and warm blankets were wrapped about her. A few minutes had passed, when her blue lips were seen to sever, and her dimmed eyes partially opened. The administering of some simple restoratives soon recovered her to her senses.

"Only a short time afterwards had passed when a venerable gentleman was seen at the side of the recovered but still enfeebled young man, to thank him—*thanks* did not express the overflowing feelings that were gushing from his eyes, as he said, in agitated accents, 'O, sir, it is my daughter you have saved—what can assure you of my gratitude?'

"Young S. cast his eyes upon the venerable man as he saw him weep, and exclaimed, 'God Almighty! It is my father!'

"'My son!' broke from the lips of the astonished parent, as he sunk upon the locker beside him.

"I was not present at this scene, but was soon afterwards on board the *Gazelle*, beside my friend; and that brother was soon after in the embrace of an only sister, whom he had saved from such a

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burial and unmarked tomb, by the providential coincidence of entering the Mississippi at the time, and the only time, that could have rescued the only sister of his love from so sudden and inevitable a death.

“The young lady, as the cause of the accident, had descended the steps of the promenade-deck, to pet a beautiful dog, which had caught her eye. By a sudden lurch of the boat, she descended with greater rapidity than she intended; and losing her balance, she struck her foot against the coiled end of the hawser of one of the vessels in tow, and fell overboard from the lower deck, which has no railing about it. She struck directly in the wake of the steamer, and was swept, by the rapid tide, between the two vessels of the stern-tow. It seemed a miracle that she was saved, or that her brother could thus have supported himself, in the rapid waters of this deep and swift rolling river.

“But I am making my narrative too long. Young S. had just returned from Europe, by the way of the Havana, where he was politely offered a passage on board one of the United States ships of war, to Tampa Bay. From thence he came in the United States Cutter, bearing despatches to New Orleans. The father and the daughter were returning from the north, in expectation of the arrival of the son and brother from abroad.”

Mr. F. having answered several inquiries, which

his narrative of this interesting incident had awakened, the party descended the winding staircase of the State House, to the ground below. They paused a few moments at the house of one of their kind friends and new acquaintances which fronted the State House. The two young ladies of the family were sitting at the window, at the moment the party was passing, and insisted upon their call. They soon afterwards returned to the Tremont House, gratified in their review of the courtesies of the Bostonians, and the charming scenery in the neighbourhood of the city ; and the many associations which they had gathered, for adding the agreeable to their future recollections,

SECTION X.

THE church-bells were sending forth their last peals for the morning service, the succeeding Sunday, when the party were politely seated in the middle aisle of — church. The morning was pleasantly cool, and fair as the mild rays of an unclouded sun, dissipating the moisture which the showers of the preceding night had produced, could render it. The enchanting day drew crowds to the churches, and the house at which we attended was filled. The Rector had called on Mr. F., and accompanied him to the church, but did not himself appear in the desk. It was the communion-day in this church, and the table within the altar was arranged for the appropriate and solemn services, which the Rector, with the assistance of Mr. F., conducted, after the sermon.

Mr. F. entered the desk, as the overture on the organ waked in its gently swelling strains, which seemed in beautiful harmony with the pervading spirit of the hour.

There was something in the countenance of Mr. F., as he rose from his secret prayer and turned the leaves of the Bible to mark the chapters of the service for the morning, which would at once

have led one, given to the study of the human features, to regard him as a man of emotion and ardent religious feeling. And yet his features were so balanced, that nothing sanctimonious in the lineaments of his face could he read, while the brow, marked, regular, and white in contrast with his waved hair of dark auburn, indicated him to be a man of great refinement, and thought far beyond his years. He rose and commenced the services, and continued them without referring with his eye to the prayer-book. The mellowed and often pathetic intonation of his voice, which exhibited without affectation the nicer shades of thought in the prayers—the intense interest which he threw into the chapters of the morning lessons—and the absolute thrill of emotion with which he read, before the sermon, Henry Kirk White's Hymn, beginning with the lines,

“ Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?”

led the audience to anticipate high gratification from the discourse. Mr. F., however without studying for effect, had gone to the services of the morning with only one purpose ; and that was, to benefit his hearers as far as his abilities should permit ; and had taken an occasional sermon which he thought would meet the case of some of his friends, at least, and not prove an unseasonable topic for the meditation of the congregation, in

view of the communion solemnities before them. He rose in the pulpit with modesty, and pronounced his text : "EVERY ONE THAT LOVETH IS BORN OF GOD." 1 John iv. 7.

It is not the purpose of the writer to give the language of Mr. F.'s morning discourse, much of which was extemporaneous, as he proceeded. But it is within the design of these pages to specify the sentiments of the preacher, as he advanced with his subject, and at times to catch the style of his impassioned eloquence.

In the religion of Jesus Christ, he affirmed, in the commencement of his sermon, there is enough to render the Christian happy. So the language of St. Paul implies, when he exhorts the Philippians in view of their onward hopes and present privileges, "always to rejoice." So also in his triumphant language, when recalling his own anticipations, and the assurance that there was soon to open before him, the blessedness of the eternally happy : "I have fought a good fight—I have kept the faith—henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

This same state of assurance, Mr. F. believed to be attainable by most Christians, as the result of a persuasion of one's reconciliation with God. But this persuasion of one's reconciliation must be built on *evidence* of Christian character, which is to be seen, known, felt, and as intelligibly per-

ceived as evidence of any other fact, which is addressed to our moral perception. And it is to be apprehended that many minds troubled by doubts and fears, remain in this state of painful agitation, from the circumstance, that they either direct their inquiry for evidence of Christian character where it cannot properly be found, or else, do not give the evidence the same credibility in their own case, which the same force of testimony, relating to other things than religion, would leave upon their convictions.

The purpose, then, of Mr. F., in the selection of his theme for his morning's discourse, was to invite the attention of his audience to some particulars, which, as he deemed them, go to make up *the true evidences of Christian character*. "EVERY ONE THAT LOVETH, IS BORN OF GOD."

But rightly to conceive of the evidences of the "new birth," we need clearly to perceive in what precisely consists the change for the evidence of which we are to seek. It is very obvious that we cannot know what are the evidences of a change of heart or conversion, unless we know what conversion itself is. And not to mistake in his illustrations, in the preliminary part of his discourse while making the inquiry as to what, in itself, constituted the change in moral character, Mr. F. instanced the three Scripture cases of Paul, the jailer and Lydia; avoiding what was deemed to be too

frequently an occurrence from the pulpit, and certainly very illogical writing, viz., the confounding of the evidences of conversion with conversion itself, by dwelling only on the evidences of this conversion when conversion itself was the subject of description and discourse.

The case of Paul was instanced first. We see him, as the narrative describes the circumstances connected with his conversion, on his way to Damascus. His heart was burning against the cause of Christ and its adherents. Suddenly, while advancing on his course with purposes of persecution, he is surprised by miraculous occurrences around him. He is convinced that such an exhibition is beyond the power of a man like himself; and that a religion and its abettors which had such evidence of its divinity, must be true. Paul, characterized ever, as we would suppose him to have been from what we gain from his biography, for acting according to his convictions of the truth, takes his purpose on the spot, to acknowledge the authority before him; and says in unaffected sincerity, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do," with a determination which ruled his future course, to go forward as the future disciple of Jesus Christ. This was his fixed determination, in view of the reasons and influences which urged it. He went forward accordingly.

Now, in this case of Paul, many minds seem to

confound the miraculous occurrences attendant on the conversion of Paul, with the particular of his conversion itself ; and thus, by a general inference, making conversion a miraculous thing, which God is to effect alone by his omnipotent power, to which, in this case, Paul, they say, of necessity yielded. And hence, they infer, that when the time for their conversion comes, God in some like manner, as to the exercise of his omnipotent power, will work in some mysterious and irresistible way upon their souls, and convert them. But this, said Mr. F., is not a right perception of the case before us as he viewed it. There was nothing miraculous in the particular of Paul's change of heart, so far as the moral change itself is concerned, which precisely constituted his conversion. The miracles occurred to convince this man that the religion of Jesus Christ, which he then was on his way to Damascus to persecute and to contend against, was the true religion. So St. Paul saw it, and understood it. He reasoned justly ; for no power could effect such manifestations, in the circumstances in which he was then placed, unless it were the true God. And what was declared in such circumstances by such a Being, he knew ought to be adhered to and followed ; and under the influence of the Spirit, urging him through these demonstrations of the truth, he yielded up his heart to God, to be his future follower. But was there any absolute neces-

sity in the case, which compelled Paul thus to yield obedience to the convictions of his mind? Why did not he, like the Scribes and the Pharisees, and the Chief Priest, and Alexander, and John, who together confessed that a "notable miracle had been done and none could deny it"—why did not he, like them, withhold his determination to become a follower of that Jesus Christ, notwithstanding his convictions? He was no more convinced of the miraculous occurrences around him than were those men. And as surely might he have withheld his purpose of discipleship to Christ as they, and turned away from his Lord, notwithstanding his convictions, as did the Chief Priest and Alexander and John and the Scribes. But Paul did not thus act. When once convinced, as he now was by these miraculous occurrences, under the influence of the Spirit; he, on the spot, took his decision of mind—his determination of heart in view of what such a decision would involve, in view of duty, and his interests, that henceforth he would throw in his lot with the sincere followers of Jesus Christ; and he exclaims, in the sincerity of a convinced and surrendered heart, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do," with the controlling purpose of his soul to go forward in obedience to the discovered will of his Lord. "*Here then,*" said Mr. F. "*in this voluntary, unnecessitated, final decision of Paul's mind, which, under the influence of the*

Holy Spirit that urged it, *gave up his heart by a purpose that controlled his future course to be an humble and obedient follower of Jesus Christ, was the precise thing which constituted Paul's moral change—the change of heart, which is conversion.* It was a free and considerate act of the mind of a considerate and decided man, in view of the reasons which urged, and commanded, and commended it. He saw that it was duty. He felt the obligation. He knew it to be his interest. It was a rational, considerate, and unnecessitated purpose of his mind as much so as was the decision of our own, which brought every individual of us this morning within this temple of our God. And it was such a free determination, on his part, which the miraculous occurrences about him designed to effect. And for this free decision on his part he was responsible. And, my hearers" continued Mr. F., in language as near as the writer can quote it, "it is this free and controlling decision of the mind which constitutes every unrenewed man's obligation, who is this day before me. And when the Holy Ghost moves over the sensibilities of your souls, and in his word and by his providence, touches the fountain-spring of your tears, as they flow in sorrow or gush in grateful joy, it is this decision which his commission bears him forth to effect, when 'convincing of sin and of righteousness and of a judgment to come.' Paul might

have withheld this obligated purpose of his soul, and still gone on like the convicted Scribes of his own day, or the convinced but unyielding minds of thousands in our time. But his course was different—was wiser—was the fit act of a rational and immortal mind. Years after, when recurring back to the thrilling scene, he exclaims, 'Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly calling,' as his own language implies he might have been. But he yielded to evidence. He decided to act in view of it. 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do,' bursted from his quivering lip; and in the spirit of the humble penitent and devoted follower of his persecuted but now adored Lord, he goes forward as one of the fixed and unwavering band of the then despised and crucified Nazarine."

Mr. F., in his own glowing language, next described the case of the jailer. It was different from Paul's, but alike *attended* by miraculous circumstances. His convictions were the same as Paul's. The design of the miracles under the influence of the Holy Spirit, was to produce these like convictions; and induce the like surrender of the heart on the part of the jailer, in view of such demonstrations of right and divinity. Nothing but the hand of the Eternal could effect the commotions of the earthquake, and the unbolting of the prison-doors; and the Deity would not work such wonders in

support of falsehood. The jailer rushes before the disciples of his God, with such convictions and purpose of heart, to devote himself to the lot and the fortunes of the followers of such a power. "Sirs, what must I do to be saved," is the language of an agitated spirit; and the inquiry fell from the lip with a full decision on his part, to yield a future obedience to the principles of that Jesus, whom these men served. It was this controlling decision of the jailer's mind, governing his future course, which constituted his conversion. It was free. It was final. It was urged by the Holy Ghost. But he might have withheld it, and like Annas the Chief Priest, and John, and Alexander, who sat in judgment on the apostles, might have gone on still in his old course, in spite of, and in full confession of this evidence, as they confessed and eternally ruined their souls. He decided aright—in view of his convictions of truth and duty, as every other person is now left to decide as a free, and accountable, and immortal spirit, urged by all the considerations which the Holy Ghost can bring to bear upon him, to induce such a surrender of the soul.

The case of Lydia was yet different. Only the words of Paul were breaking on her ear, while no miraculous demonstrations verified the truths that were now moving the sensibilities of her heart. Her bosom heaves. Her eye fills with the succes-

sive tear, as she hangs on the lip of the holy man while he is concluding the story of the Son of God. And here she takes her purpose, that her lot shall be with the followers of this Jesus of Nazareth. "She attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul," adds the sacred writer, who describes the thrilling scene; and when the apostle has ended, with the evidence of Christian character already glowing in her bosom, she goes to the holy man with the spirit of genuine Christian hospitality, and says, "If ye have judged me faithful to the Lord, come to my house and abide there."

We then see, was the continued sentiment of Mr. F., in these three cases, that each differs from the other. Their circumstances were different, the habit of their minds was different; and their feelings, modified by their circumstances, consequently were various. But while their habits were various, and their circumstances differed, *their purpose of heart was one—their decision of mind the same. It controlled their future course in obedient discipleship to Jesus Christ.* And this was the act of their minds which constituted their moral change—their change of heart—their new-birth—their regeneration—their conversion. It was free, full, final, and taken in view of the truth, their consequent responsibilities, their duty and their eternal interests.

But suppose the warm hearted Lydia had sought

for some miraculous display to be attendant on her conversion, as evidence of her change of heart, would she have found it? No. Or suppose the jailer, hearing of the case of Paul's blindness, had sought for a like incident in the circumstances of his conversion, as evidence of his change of heart, would he have found it? No. Or suppose Paul, after the conversion of the jailer, had sought for an earthquake in the circumstances of his conversion, would he have found it? No. And further still. Had these things all occurred in each of the cases supposed, would it have afforded either of them evidence of a change of heart? No, none. These things were no evidence of conversion. The object of the miraculous display in the conversion of these to-be-followers of Jesus Christ, was *to convince them of the truth*, to which they might or they might not yield; and to influence them, if they might be influenced in view of their convictions, to give up their hearts to God, by a full, free, and controlling purpose of their souls, to go forward as the future disciples of the Son of God.

Here, then, it was apprehended, in the continued sentiment of Mr. F., that there was to be found one reason why the evidences of Christian character often gain so faint an impression on the minds of many, who, in the just and proper evidences of Christian character, we are to deem the conscientious followers of Jesus Christ. They direct their

inquiries to a wrong point. In the three cases which have been instanced, they do not rightly discriminate between the miraculous occurrences which are brought to bear on the minds of some characters in the apostle's days, to convince them of the truth of the Christian religion, and what are the real evidences that those same minds yielded themselves up in obedience to their convictions, which were thus produced in their perceptions of the truth. The consequence often is, that many, when seeking for the evidences of their conversion, look for something miraculous, or mystic, or strange, while it is yet something they do not define, and which is indescribable, and only imaginary. And as they find not the evidence of this ideal but confused yet believed to be necessary mystic action of their minds, in connection with their religious experience in conversion, they continue to dwell in fears—doubts—darkness—and sometimes, in despair; and never “rejoice” according to the exhortation of Paul in view of their high expectations. And in some cases, (and they have not been a few,) with such perversion of true sentiment in relation to the evidences of what is a necessary change of heart, the despairing inquirer has ended his existence in the delirium of a suicide.

The precise thing, then, in the continued sentiment of Mr. F.'s discourse, which we need to know, as we learn from these cases of conversion which

have been instanced, is, not whether, in our experience we have had all the attending circumstances which really have occurred, or which are affirmed to have occurred in the experience of others at their conversion, but whether *we have taken this free, full and controlling purpose of our souls to go forward, as the disciples of Jesus Christ; and does this decision of our hearts govern our external actions in obedience to the principles of the New Testament?* It matters not how we have reached this purpose of heart. It matters not when we came to it. It matters not where. *It is its possession*, on which our safety depends, and by which our Christian character is rightly decided. It is what constituted the conversion of Paul—the jailer—and Lydia. It is what God urges, and the Saviour entreats, and the Holy Ghost brings his influences to bear upon the mind to effect. And if we do possess it, and, by consequence, are acting on it, then have we reason to thank God that he has led us by his influences, whatever they may have been, thus to surrender our hearts to him; and henceforth should we go forward rejoicing—in the language of the apostle, “rejoicing ever more.”

Mr. F. having given this illustration by Scripture example, of what constitutes a change of heart, and consequent Christian character, he proceeded to offer, according to the plan of his discourse, some reflections illustrative of the EVIDENCES of

this change of heart, and of the possession of this Christian character. He quoted three sets of passages from the Scriptures, associated with the evidences of Christian character. The first was the theme he had selected for his discourse, with its kindred expressions: "Every one that loveth is born of God." "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "We love him because he first loved us." These are passages associated with LOVE TOWARDS GOD, as evidence of Christian character. The next set of texts were connected with love to the brethren, as another evidence of discipleship to Christ; and that he who possesses it is "born of God,"—"converted,"—"regenerated,"—and has "passed from death unto life;" terms which, when they are properly analyzed, mean one and the same thing; and the very thing which has been illustrated by the remarks connected with Paul, the jailer, and Lydia. The next set of texts had reference to the keeping of the commandments of God, as a further evidence of Christian character. From these passages were gathered three particulars, as evidences of Christian character. The first was LOVE TO GOD; the second, LOVE TO THE BRETHREN; the third, KEEPING THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD; and the passages quoted were mostly recorded on the pages of the Bible, especially to let those know, into whose hands it should fall, whether or not they were the

disciples of Jesus Christ; "hereby we know;" "by this we know;" "we know because;" and "by this shall all men know." What could be more explicit—what laid down more definitely, and with greater precision? If we have these characteristics of a child of God—of those who have passed from "death unto life,"—who have been "born again;"—why should we hesitate to take home to our bosoms the assurance that we are the reconciled children of God, and be elated with grateful joy as we anticipate the hour when we shall pass from this earth's friendships—its joys—its griefs—its changes—and open our entranced vision on the glories of the untried and blessed state of changeless happiness?

Mr. F. proceeded to inquire, how it should be satisfactorily known to those before him, that they were possessed of these evidences of Christian character; and solicited their attention while he replied, in the remaining part of his discourse, in connection with the first class of the passages which he had quoted, that "He that *loveth* is born of God."

To know that we possess the characteristic of discipleship, designated by LOVE to God, we are to make the inquiry in many particulars, in the same way that we would assure ourselves of our affection for an earthly friend. Of such a friend we know we are pleased to speak. To such a friend

we find pleasure in speaking. For the interests, and in the defence of such a friend, we are happy to speak. We are happy in hearing of the prosperity of the cause of such a friend. We are grieved when we hear of any injury done to the cause of that friend. If we know his wishes, it will give us pleasure to further them ; and if it be in our power and circumstances, we will advance the interests and the wishes of that friend. If such a friend is very dear to us, we are willing to make very great sacrifices, if necessary, in promoting his interests, and in the defence of his character. In the reception of favours and kindness from that friend, we acknowledge those favours and kindness with a grateful feeling. And if, in an hour of thoughtlessness or forgetfulness, or in view of some other interest, we have injured this friend in any way, unprovoked, and in spite of all his kindness, on the return of our better mind the reflecting consciousness of such action brings into the bosom a deep sense of our uningenuousness—perhaps baseness and hardihood. And if the heart indeed relents, it may wet our eye with a tear of contrition, and draw forth the confession of our unkindness, while with bitterness of spirit we lament our fault.

Mr. F., in this connection, appealed to his Christian hearers, if they had not already run the parallel in their own minds, and found some analogy

between the feelings specified, and those which, at times, they had cherished towards God. To render it still plainer, he continued to inquire if they had not in days past found it a pleasure in secret, to lay open to their Father who seeth in secret, a heart sometimes oppressed with sorrow; and to tell him all their wo, and at other times their joy? He asked not whether they always found such interviews equally interesting to their spirits, but were such seasons conscientiously observed, with a desire to please their God and to observe his precepts; and would nothing of this earth tempt them to forego the welcome privilege of such interviews with their Creator? And then, was it not a pleasure to them to hear of that God, as a Being who stands to them in the relationship of one who has done them good, and whom they feel that they would ever regard as their friend, and one who has obligations on them as a God of love; and did they not find it a part which they willingly have performed, and which gave them pleasure, to speak for the honour and in commendation of this Being? Did they not delight to recommend to others the excellency of God's character, that they might win from them the affection which they owed to a Being of such perfections, and of so much kindness to them? And when they heard the name of such a friend trifled with, did it not wake in their bosoms the feelings of ingenuous sorrow,

and the emotion of holy displeasure? And when they heard of the prosperity of the cause of their God, when the interests which the precepts of his law inculcates, and for the advancement of which he sent his Son into the world, are seen to prevail—when they hear of many turning from the error of their ways to holiness—and they see one here and another there coming to Christ and surrendering their hearts to him to be his disciples—did not all these things wake an emotion of delight in their bosoms; and was it not something in which they felt an interest; was it not something more than a mere passive complacency, which our very constitution, even were we devils, would require that we should feel, while contemplating virtue? “Yes,” added Mr. F. nearly in the following language, “all this you do feel; and I doubt not, my Christian friends, but that a tear of swelling joy has often stolen silently from your eye, as you have marked some of your beloved friends advance to this altar, and here declare, for the first time, before a world, and angels, and heaven, their purposes of future discipleship to their Lord; and when you have seen the interests of Christ’s kingdom invaded—when you have marked the prevalence of what marred the success of religious effort—to delay, and finally to defeat the salvation of souls—when you have witnessed the occurrence of what tended to dissipate the serious thoughts which

were awaking in the minds of friends, urging their return of love to their God—then have you felt the emotion of sorrow swelling your bosoms, and the deep feeling of concern wake over those for whom you would have sacrificed much, could you but have urged them into the kingdom of God. But they again returned with thoughtless indifference to the miserable allurements of a tempting and heartless world. And then again, if in an hour of your own forgetfulness—an hour when you have ceased to be watchful over your own responsibilities and becoming course of professed friendship for Jesus Christ—an hour when the world, in some of its shapes of conviviality, dissipation, and thousand forms of temptation, has drowned too many of your serious thoughts, you have wandered from what you have deemed your Christian duty, and have thus given cause for reflection to be made upon the observed defect in the consistency between your actions and your professed love for him who died for you—oh, my Christian friends, has not the reflection then brought with it, on your return to a better mind, a sorrowful emotion of regret, and a bitter reflection of self-condemnation, which, when your heart indeed relented, found relief for a broken spirit only in a free and full confession of your neglect—your forgetfulness—and fault against the God of love, and whom you yet adore as your best, and long-forbearing, and

forgiving friend ? Yes," continued Mr. F. ; "and in the description given, surely do you find some resembling portraiture of your own feelings. And if such feelings, cherished towards an earthly friend, would conclusively evince the sincerity of a devoted affection, they no less declare the sincerity of your love, where possessed, towards your Friend in heaven. Believe then the evidence," Mr. F. continued at this point of his discourse, as he looked over the congregation with confident assurance that there was reason in the exposition and the illustration which he had given, (and which here has but faintly been reported,) why such should be the result of such perceived feelings within the Christian's bosom. "*Believe the evidence.* Let not the fear of deception, my Christian friends, hinder you from cherishing the feeling of confidence where the evidence is yours. Your persuasion of reconciliation should be built on evidence, and only on evidence. And evidence here should be as fully convincing as testimony on any other subject. You have the rule : 'EVERY ONE THAT LOVETH IS BORN OF GOD.' Do you not know that these feelings, which I have described, are the possession of your bosoms ? Then hesitate not, in your own case, the intended result of such perceived evidence, *a grateful peace of mind and joy in the Holy Ghost.* Take to your bosom the consolation which springs from the assu-

rance of sins forgiven, and of a reconciliation with your God. Go on in your Christian course, with hearts still more conscientious—still more self-denying—still more happy. ‘Rejoice evermore! and again I say, rejoice.’ And to-day,” continued Mr. F., with more impassioned intonation, “to-day, with such feelings of happy assurance, come to this table of your Lord. Believe him to be your friend, well-pleased by this demonstration of your devotion and purposes of love and faith plighted before heaven and the world. Here, as ye muse on the love of that Saviour who died for your rescue, here open all your heart to him as to one you know will sympathize in all your sorrows and in all your joys. He, this day, wishes not that your mind should be filled with doubts. He is no hard master. He is your elder brother; and his heart is full of all those feelings, that make a friend a worthy possession. Tell him then,” continued Mr. F. with yet deeper pathos, “tell him, as ye this day, and around this board, recall the godlike sacrifice of the crucified Jesus, tell him the overflowings of your love. Tell him your regrets for the past. Tell him your purposes of devouter attachment and consistency of profession. Tell him all your gratitude for his favours. Tell him that your tears have flowed too seldom over the recollections of his sufferings for you. Tell him your heart has been too cold, your love too

faint, your efforts of his honour too feeble, your defence for his cause too timid. But tell him, *here is your heart*, and here, this day, you renew its surrender to him—your life—your soul—your all, and that on his cross hangs all your hopes of rescue from eternal wo—all your bright anticipations of heaven, of happiness, of bliss !

“ But to you, my hearers,” added Mr. F., as he closed the gilded prayer-book which lay before him, and in an altered tone of mingled pity and reproach continued, “ to you, who this day witness the return of this sad and yet joyous commemoration of the last hour scene of the dying Son of God, and can still remain unnumbered among the professed followers of the crucified Jesus, what *to you*, amid the associations of this hallowed hour, may I say ? Nothing—if the godlike love of Jesus Christ touches not your hearts ! Nothing—if you can refuse, this day, a response of affection for love so sincere. Nothing—if, at the close of this discourse, you can again turn without emotion from a scene which commemorates events so thrilling in their relation to every deathless spirit, longing for immortality and bliss ; and will single yourselves from among Christ’s approaching followers, as if these things, which hold seraphim in an entranced gaze and solemn commune, were no concern of yours. Nothing—if the blood of Jesus speaks not to your sensi-

bilities—if the mangled body of Christ calls forth no sorrow—if the intonations of his dying agony thrills not your quiverless lip—throes not your unheaving breast! What to you may I say? Nothing! No, nothing!”

As Mr. F. concluded his discourse, his eye yet lingered in fixed abstraction on the audience before him. That brief pause was as profound a silence as the death moment, when the soul takes its exit from earth to the world unknown.

SECTION XI.

THE services of the afternoon were commenced. Mr. F. was seated within the altar, around which the followers of Christ that morning had knelt, and where, too, Miss Ella V., at the side of her friend Mrs. E., for the first time publicly declared a religious profession before the world. It was known that Mr. F. would continue, in the afternoon, the subject on which he had discoursed in the morning. The speaker and the subject had sufficiently interested the morning audience, to draw a full house in the afternoon.

The prayers were ended. Mr. F. entered the pulpit and pronounced his text :

“WE KNOW THAT WE HAVE PASSED FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE, BECAUSE WE LOVE THE BRETHREN.”
1 John iii. 14.

The speaker briefly recapitulated the particulars of his morning's discourse. He further premised, that we should never hesitate, from the fear of being deceived, to indulge those feelings which we deem to be correct, nor discredit their sincerity when we possess them. Many things he believed were often said, doubtless with the best intention, to preserve us from deception as to our religious character, or what is sometimes called a

false hope, to which, however, he could not assent. For, the way to prevent this self-deception, is not by throwing doubts upon what is real evidence of Christian character ; or, where this evidence is possessed, to hesitate the receiving it, with the full and free conviction of the mind as to its reality. If we may be deceived with the evidences of Christian character within our bosoms, as they are delineated on the pages of revelation, there can be no means left, by which to test the verity of honest Christian discipleship ; and we should be all adrift, on an ocean of uncertainty and harassing doubts. And we often do find conscientious minds tossed on the agitating surge of alarm and unrest, with their anxious bosoms bereft of the rich bequest, which Jesus Christ designedly left for their happy possession through this world, while yielding their discipleship to him—namely, a peace of mind “which casteth out all fear,” and a “joy in the Holy Ghost.” The Saviour would have his followers, while on earth, blessed with confiding trust in his love, as they cast forward their happy anticipations to the rest, which shall be unruffled in its peace, and eternal in its years.

Here Mr. F. quoted several passages from the Scriptures, in connection with his text, for illustrating the further evidence of Christian character, namely,

LOVE FOR THE BRETHREN.

And in view of these passages it was affirmed, that here was another definite and distinct characteristic of Christian discipleship—something intelligent—something fixed : “ We know that we have passed from death unto life *because* we love the brethren.” “ *By this* shall *all men* know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another.” As to the possession of Christian character, in view of these expressions from the Bible, the matter is not left as a thing about which we are to guess—to dream—to mystify. It is no indescribable thing. It is a thing about which there need be no doubt—no indefinitely perceived but fearful and agitating ambiguity. It is a reality, a perceptible, delineated, and conscious reality. And where this love for the brethren is possessed, it is evidence, on the authority of the Scriptures, given us in the passages quoted, expressly to let us know our religious state, of “ being born again”—of having “ passed from death unto life”—of “ knowing God”—of “ abiding in the light.” And not only to ourselves, but it is evidence to “ all men,” that we are his disciples, “ if we have love one to another.” And Christians know this evidence, from their own consciousness. It is an emotion which has often swelled high their throeing bosoms. It has awakened full their frequent sympathy. It has augmented oft their Christian joys. It is an emotion which has arisen towards the pure and kindred spirit in sentiment and

feeling, whether they have met together in the humble cabin or the stately mansion—whether clad in the garb of poverty or the vestments of affluence. It is a kindling spirit which sympathizes with its kindred character, wherever, and whenever, and however found. It goes out into action; and in case of need will do deeds of goodness to the object of kindred sentiments and discipleship. And where and when this evidence is possessed (and it is a thing of the Christian's own consciousness) of "being born again"—of "knowing God"—of "abiding in the light," ought it not to yield a full conviction to such a mind, of the reality of his Christian state, and give him peace—a peace which casteth out all fear—a peace, which makes religion a thing worth the possession, and a thing, that may and should calm the spirit amid all the changes of earth, in his successive griefs and joys.

Mr. F. added many illustrations upon this evidence of Christian character, which the writer will not here repeat. And when the speaker had, as he believed, secured the convictions of his audience, he added, with more deliberate enunciation: "My Christian friends, with these evidences of Christian character, you have reason, this day, to be happy. I advocate not," he said, as he stepped back in the pulpit, and yet more elevating his young and dignified person, "I advocate not that you should be watchless of your own Christian

state. I advocate not, that your hopes should be based on presumptuous confidence, where evidence is absent. I call for no remissness on your part for self-examination. On the contrary, I exhort you to watchfulness and self-examination as ye love your souls, and would secure their salvation. But I further exhort you to give credence, belief, and full confidence to the evidence, when, by self-examination, you find it a matter of your own consciousness. Else, why be watchful? Else, wherefore give yourselves to self-examination? Believe me, these feelings possessed will not deceive you. And confidence in these feelings shall make you peaceful, happy. What Christian, then, should hesitate this peace of mind, this joy of soul? Yours, Christian hearers, are high expectations. They are immortal heavings which swell your throeing bosoms. Look up—look up to the fair battlements, that inwall the heavenly and holy city. Erelong, those rising bulwarks shall shield you from every agitation of spirit—from every fearful fluctuation of hope—from every doubt of suspense. Cast forward your kindling eye of expectation. Soon, ay, soon a vision of glory shall break on your view, surpassing the wildest dream that ever an unchained fancy drew. Swell high, then, the grateful emotion of your joyous bosoms. Soon, that gush of joy—that gleam of hope—that welcome calm of spirit shall rise to an ocean-swell of delightful

emotion—shall break in an eternal day of fruition—shall be perpetuated in an endless rest of soul. Forget, for a moment, all your tears of earth, and look yet intenser at the scenes of heaven. There, in your far-on view of those eternal regions, you see no face lined by the marks of grief. No sorrow dims the immortal cheek with a tear bursting from a disconsolate, riven, and broken heart. There, the changes of time shall have finished their blighting and their mildew, which, on earth, sometimes gather over a withered spirit. There, O yes, Christians, your souls, which here have weathered out full many a storm of temptation and trouble and pain, shall be anchored safe in an unruffled ocean of peace—of bliss; and wide heaven shall know no damp to the exulting joy that shall fill the bright domain. And this joy, Christians, is yours, all, all is yours, and yours for ever. Shall it not make you happy—happy on your course of earth as well as in the bright possessions of heaven? Shall it not here dry up your fastest flowing tears, as they yet may fall over much that shall call you to weep? Shall it not soothe the deepest griefs that may yet lie on your path through a world of change, to a changeless state of joyous being? Then give way, give way, Christians, to your privileged emotions. Exult in your delightful and joyous anticipations. Come, and without fear cast your exulting gaze within that grave, which, ere-

long shall hold, in peaceful rest, your crumbling dust. To you, the grave is no enemy. It is your friend. And so is death—and Christ. Henceforward, then, go on your course rejoicing. Be thankful—be happy. Wait in patience the summons of your dying Lord ; and at the darkest hour of your departing mortality, expect, with burning devotion to your risen Saviour, to be welcomed to the rest of those, who sleep in Jesus.”

SECTION XII.

It was customary in the church in which Mr. F. preached, to postpone the afternoon service on communion days, until the evening. But the Rector, having the assistance of Mr. F., opened the church, as we have seen, in the afternoon, at which time notice was given of the third or evening service.

To me, there was always a solemnity about a night-service, which is absent during the exercises of the earlier parts of the day. The sun has gone down, and the shades of the evening have shut out all external objects from the eye. The mellowed light of the chandeliers and the lamps is in keeping with the serenity of the hour, and the still-calm so suitable for religious meditations. The notes of the organ seem still sweeter and soft, and the harmonies of the hour prepare the feelings for the deepest impressions which the narrative, and the exposition, and the eloquent enforcing of affecting and eternal truths can leave in the bosom of the worshipper.

Mr. F. this evening was to conclude his remarks on the subject which had occupied his discourse during the morning and the afternoon. A season of tender emotion seemed to have come

over his own feelings as he sat within the altar during the performance of the service. He leaned his elbow upon the communion table and buried his face in his handkerchief. It might have been fatigue, as it would have seemed to those who did not know him, but to some who did, he appeared more than once to shed his tears. The exercises of the day had been such, that they were conducive to leave a susceptible Christian heart affected. And Mr. F. had been known, in view of his rising before a crowded audience, gathered as listeners to the themes pertaining to their eternal interest, to weep over a sense of his youth, his responsibility, and the affecting relations he stood in, as one who was to declare to them the words pertaining to the onward destinies of their deathless spirits. And to-day, he had witnessed the approach of some of his friends to the altar within which he was now sitting, among whom there was one, at least, for whom he had felt the interest and the solicitude of a Christian friend, and who, for the first time, this day had numbered herself among the public followers of Christ.

The first part of Mr. F.'s sermons was generally argumentative, illustrating some one definite principle of the Bible ; and having secured the convictions of his audience he concluded his discourse with great energy and deepest feeling. The specimen already given is sufficient to lead us to infer

this, but to form any correct estimate of the solemn effects he left upon his audience, there was need to listen to the feeling intonations of his voice, and mark the earnest and unaffected expression of his attitudes.

Mr. F. ascended the pulpit this evening, and his silent prayer seemed longer than usual. The last strain of the organ had ceased. Mr. F. rose and announced his text :

"YE ARE MY FRIENDS, IF YE DO WHATSOEVER I COMMAND YOU." John xv. 14.

Obedience to the commandments of God was the inference which the speaker drew from the text, *as one other evidence of Christian character.*

And he went on, illustrating his position at length, with feeling and conclusive reasonings, and the reciting of interesting cases, which came home to the apprehension and convictions of his auditors. The writer would like to report Mr. F.'s last discourse in full, holding the audience as it did in still and profound attention and interest. But the whole drift of the sermon was, to show that where a *prevailing conscientiousness* is found in the bosom of the professed follower of Christ, there was the spirit of obedience, which corresponded with the evidence under consideration, deduced from the words, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

"Let me," said Mr. F., in the summing up of

his argument, "find this prevailing, delicate, every where *conscientiousness* in guiding one's daily action, and then I say, I have found one of the most unequivocal evidences of a soul reconciled to its God, and of a Christian character, which shall bear him onward through a world of temptation and sin, to the pure, and the happy, and the immortal realms of the rescued and the saved.

"My Christian hearers," he continued, enkindling with his theme as he approached its conclusion, "it is ever a grateful task to a Christian pastor to address such of his flock as you. Before you, he remembers that all is bright in anticipation. Not one cloud shades the fair prospect. If doubts, and fears, and alarms ever arise in your hearts, which sometimes agitate the bosoms of the holiest and the best, yet he knows and he feels that he has the authority from the word of God to re-assure you in your Christian confidence. To you, amid all your agitation of spirit, where you find this prevailing conscientiousness, he may ever repeat the language of the Saviour, 'Fear not—ye are my friends—I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' Of you, he feels assured, that neither life, nor death, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to

come, shall be able to separate you from the love of God. If he looks forward to the hour, whether it shall sooner or later attend you, when, like all others, you will have to pay the last debt of nature, and lie on your bed of departure from this earth, he knows that you have secured the arm of one who will then support you in your weakness and your anguish. He can imagine your emaciated countenance—he can contemplate your exhausted state of nature—he can see, in prospect, your sunken eye. But, dreadful as the contemplation is, he can see in that eye an illumination that assures him that it shall soon be re-enkindled by fires immortal—and in that sinking debility of frame, he yet has the evidence in your case, that it shall be re-invigorated with undying health; and those emaciated features shall be re-illumed with immortal youth. And should it—should it be his melancholy destiny, Christians, ere it shall be his lot to render up an account of his own stewardship, to stand over the grave of one of your number, he knows, amid the sorrows of such a moment, that he can say, as the dust shall crumble with its hollow echoes on your coffin-lids, ‘Here rests the relics of one who had placed his or her hopes on Christ, and whose spirit now breathes its bliss in heaven.’ Yes, as his thoughts go forward, he can recall to his mind no one joy that can bless an immortal spirit, which he sees not to be yours. In heaven,

the soul shall enter on its eternal calm. There, nothing shall come over the spirit to ruffle your peace of mind—nothing to excite with painful agitation a spirit so liable, on earth, to disappointment, to irritation, to grief. There, painful remembrances shall have lost their daggers, which here sometimes pierce, with bitter anguish, a troubled spirit. There, the social griefs that here wake on seeing one and another and another of a beloved and united family sinking to their long and silent rest, and at length leaving, may be, but one of their number to tread the way of earth in loneliness and care, shall cease. No—it is not in the power of words to tell the joy of soul or visions of glory, that await your ransomed spirits. But there, that joy shall be full—and those visions, eternal and bright—and it shall all be such as shall meet the longings of your social, intellectual, and deathless spirits. And this, not for one day—not for one year—not for one million of years. It is a happiness that time cannot measure for its continuance: it is a happiness that numbers may not compute for its fullness.

“Tell me, then, shall I not exhort you, Christian hearers, stranger though I am, in view of these your bright destinies of immortal being, and evidences of your heirship to such unfailing blessedness, ‘to rejoice’—*to rejoice on your way* to your inheritance, so full of all that can make happy—so free from all that can make sorrowful—so eternal

in its onward years ? What shade shall come over the prospect, as I stand here, this night, addressing such beings, and recalling to their view such prospects, and urging them to such rejoicings, in view of such eternal relations ? No !—no !—not one shadow shall wave its dark wing of melancholy, and solicitude, and despair, over the mental vision of this joyous moment. To-day, the consoling and sustaining expectation of *him*, who usually addresses you from this hallowed place, bears forward his welcome gaze to the anticipated hour, when, this earth having passed away, and your bodies long having slept in some of these vaults surrounding this temple, ye yet shall again meet—and shall again know—and together, in heaven, shall course your eternal way of bliss !

“But, Christian hearers,” continued Mr. F., with a pause of eloquent abstraction in his features, while many heads were dropped before him, as he added in a lower tone, “before you, there yet may be, in a world like this, some sorrows that will meet you. Whatever they may be, I ask, shall not such high expectations prove a sufficient solace to your disconsolate hearts, and soothe your broken spirits ? O let these bright visions of your coming future elevate your souls above the corroding cares of life. Shed your tears, if they must flow, when they are called for. Suffer the agonies of body and anguish of spirit, if they must gather over

you. But, still 'rejoice'—rejoice in your high and unfailing hopes. Follow to their graves, if you must, those you love most—for whom you would suffer most—to whom you owe most. But let the assurance that there is a deathless state of joyous being, bind up your heaving hearts. There are but a few score years, at most, that shall prolong your days of change and doubtful being. Look then again into your soon-to-be-opened graves. Your rest of body shall be secure and peaceful, with a hope that shall not fail you, when the welcome trump of the archangel shall reinstate your dismembered dust.

"Would to God," added Mr. F., with another momentary pause, "would to God, the prospects of all this congregation, Christians, were like yours! Would to God that here and there were not to be found one, with a bosom uncheered with hopes like yours! Would to God it were so! How long it shall be otherwise, God only knows. But why, Christian hearers, should one of these your friends, so near and dear to you, be so long indifferent to interests which have touched your hearts, and secured the decision of your souls? O yes, they might, alike and now, put in their plea for mercy—their prayer for salvation—and surrender, by the full purpose of their souls, their hearts to God. Well may you this night let fall for them a tear of sorrow, and awake for them a sigh of

deep depression. But, Christians, tell them the joys they are neglecting. Tell them the interests they cannot compute, which they are hazarding. Assure them that God cannot, and will not always delay the termination of their probation. They must die. They must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. And ere then, they must secure the friendship of Jesus Christ, or be miserably and eternally lost. Ask them in the tenderness of your soul, why—why they delay to join your numbers. Nothing in heaven or on earth, when God is for them, shall prevent their success, will *they* but give him their hearts in the full purpose of contrite souls, to be his. ‘*They shall be his friends if they do whatsoever he commands them.*’ Assure them that the only hinderance in the way of their becoming the friends of Christ, is their own unwillingness. ‘Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.’ All elsewhere, in heaven and on earth, are willing—are entreating. And if this hour they are willing, tell them that there is no difficulty at all, under heaven or above hell remaining, to prevent them from at once coming to Christ, and before their God deciding on their future course of obedience to his commands. If you ever find their hearts relent, O urge them, while thus their bosoms are heaving, to make, fearlessly, fully, but humbly make the decision between their souls and their God, to go forward as his pledged and unwavering

followers. Yes, secure from them this surrender of their hearts—this purpose, free, full and controlling, of their souls. *This is the point of their responsibility.* This is their duty—this their obligation. It is the point of responsibility that meets every delaying mind. It is the point to which the jailer was brought, and Paul, and Lydia. This decision they took—this purpose of heart they made—this surrender, once and for ever, was the action of their minds, in view of their interests, their duty, their salvation. It is what the unrenewed now must do, in view of their interests, duty, and salvation. There is no apology for delay. There is no necessity. I hesitate not, this night, to affirm, that the situation of the gospel sinner, within this temple, is far more favourable for his becoming a Christian, than was the jailer's, or Lydia's, or Paul's himself. Besides the testimony to the facts in their case, which we have and believe, we have evidences of the truth of the religion of Jesus Christ, which they had not. These evidences have been accumulating upon us for eighteen hundred years. The small band of Christ's despised followers have increased to millions over wide-spread Christendom, triumphing over all opposition of an idolatrous, and proud, and wicked, and resisting world. Christians no longer have to fear the stake, the fagot, the rack, the amphitheatre, the dungeon, the gibbet. To be a Christian

now does not always cut the social ties, and make kindred enemies. Our prepossessions, instead of tending towards another religion or superstition, are all in favour of that which we believe to be the true, and the Christian. No needed influences are absent. No difficulties are in the way, but what are within our own control. The truth we know. The truth we believe. Damnation irretrievable, unmitigated, and eternal, or a bliss unending, full and immeasurable, is before us. To secure this proffered happiness, the same inquiry and the same purpose of heart which were made by Paul, the jailer, and Lydia, must be made now, must now be taken by the sinner. No miraculous display is needed to convince any here, of the truth of the religion of Jesus Christ. This you already believe. The controlling purpose of soul to be the followers of Jesus Christ, is the act of mind—is the decision of heart—free, full, and governing your future course in love to God, in love for the brethren, and in obedience to his laws—which you are called on to put forth. You may do it. If you are willing, you may put forth this decision of your mind to-night. The Holy Ghost is urging you to do it;—and you must do it, if you will be saved. It is a thing of your own concern now. The point now, on which shall turn your salvation. It is the point to which the Spirit urges you—has urged you—this night continues to urge

you, and to which you never would come without his urging. But you may resist it—all his entreaty. You may yield to it. It is the point to which the ministry, in all its efforts, aims to bring you. It is this surrender of your own hearts, by your own selves to Christ, which is urged—which you are bound to make—which the Holy Ghost entreats—which God commands—which the Saviour died to permit—and which shall secure you the forgiveness of your sins, through the blood of the atonement. Each day you delay this purpose which surrenders the heart to God, your future happiness becomes more doubtful—your future prospects more dread—more dark—more fearful. Are you wise, my unconverted hearers through this house, this night—are you wise to delay? ‘What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?’ O, act then,” continued Mr. F. in impassioned entreaty and eloquence of the heart, “ACT, THEN, my yet delaying friends, YOUR PART, while you may! O let not another sun beam its reproachful rays another morn upon this earth and find your hearts yet unsundered to the God who made you. Do the deed by a decision of your souls, unwavering and final, to be for ever his. Do it, repenting your already long delay and accumulated ingratitude and neglect. Do it with an obligation that shall bind you for eternity. Rest—No, I would not, for a world, with such an alter-

native before me, while my decision remained unfixed! Sleep—I would not for a million of worlds, with my determination yet unformed! And will you—the youngest of you through this house, as I gaze on you at this solemn pause and profound stillness, which tells me that the finger of the Spirit of God is touching the passion-strings of your hearts—will you delay till the coming of another and more convenient season, and hazard for another six-days' space, the proffered friendship of the Eternal to your jeopardized spirits? God Almighty forbid it! And you, yes, as ye love your deathless souls, that shall live while the Godhead is, this night and this hour forbid it! And while this propitious moment hangs back thus wishful for you amid these hallowed associations of this peaceful house, O close in with the proffers of a happy immortality, and secure, this night, the portion that shall for ever feast the bliss of SOCIAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND IMMORTAL SPIRITS!"

Thus Mr. F. ended his discourse. No hymn followed the sermon. The preacher knelt and dismissed the congregation. They walked down the crowded aisles, and the salutations of friends this evening, were without their usual smile.

SECTION XIII.

ON Monday morning, as the sun rose clear and fair, our party were moving on their way from Boston to Worcester. Thence, by an extra, they reached Hartford, on the Connecticut, the same evening. The ride was pleasant. A more lovely day could not have mellowed the landscape, or yielded its gentle breezes to temper acceptably the bland atmosphere. Most of the party were enticed by the charming day to ride upon the outside of the coach. Mr. F. and Miss V., however, retained their seats within, enjoying their views from the uncurtained coach, and indulging their sentiments in wit, poetry, piety, and romance. The whole party were much delighted with this day's ride—perhaps Mr. F. and Miss V. were most so. It was a day of leisure, such as travellers sometimes feel. They had been urging on their course to new places and over new scenes; and their attention had been continually exercised by the objects and incidents of the way. But now they were on their return; and they were unbending their minds in review of various amusing and otherwise interesting recollections of their winding way. It had also been concerted, before they left New-York, that

the party should return to the country residence of the father of one of the young ladies, situated on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut ; and when they should have reached Hartford, they would be only an afternoon's sail, in the boat, from this charming spot.

At Hartford we spent two days of agreeable leisure, receiving the attentions of friends, and visiting the objects of attraction in the neighbourhood.

It has not been the design of the writer to indulge much in description of scenery, places, or incident—his principal wish being to recall and to preserve the conversations of Mr. F. on subjects of interest not only to the party which was rendered every way more pleasant on their course by his vivacity, historic allusion, anecdote, and chaste humour, but subjects also interesting to every mind that has found pleasure in turning its thoughts in upon its own mental and moral being, and contemplating its present characteristics and onward destinies. It has not therefore come within the design of the writer, to note many of the spirited scenes and lighter incidents of the JULY TOUR of a party, that embraced in it the elements of the cheerful, the humorous, the sentimental, as well as the refined, the intellectual and the pious. It may be, that another record shall be made of other incidents of the way of this party, which will not be exhibited

here. But the writer has sketched enough, as he has passed along, to identify localities, over which their course lay, and to connect the particulars that have appealed to our feelings with the scenes among which they occurred.

The writer, in view of his design, will therefore omit to record here, much of interest which will long be remembered by the party, in the associations connected with their short pause at this very pleasantly located town. Much however was there written among the sybiline leaves of sentiment, that, like other prophetic incidents,

“Cast their shadows before.”

It was here Ella V. said to Mr. F., “Do you not think that friends become much sooner acquainted when travelling together, than under almost any other circumstances?”

Mr. F. and Miss V. had never met until a few days previous to their leaving New-York, although they had heard of each other through mutual friends. But at this time they seemed, at least, to understand the feelings of each other in the silent language of sympathy, as they together contemplated the same object, or exchanged their thoughts on a common subject.

The night of their arrival at Hartford, was such as fairies might choose for moving abroad, on their rambling parties through shade and moonlight.

No heart susceptible of the mellowing influences of such repose of evening beauty could withhold the outgushings of tender feelings. Such a moment of silence and blended light and shade, enkindles devotion as well as romance. The house within was still, as the repose without. The window-blinds of a private sitting parlour, allotted to the party, were half way opened. Miss V. was sitting in one of two chairs which occupied the window recess, with her arm resting upon the sill of the open window, while gazing upon the light and shade without. It was a moment of happy emotion, when her young fancies were gilding over with richer colouring the incidents of the past and blending them in indistinct perceptions of the present and the imaginings of the future. There had been a revolution in her own feelings. New emotions had been excited, and she had become an actor in her religious obligations and onward purposes. And then, other feelings had come over her heart, which she had hardly yet learned to analyze. She only knew that they made her sad, as she now sat, at this shaded hour, gazing on the calm and stilly scene without; and she would gladly and freely, in tears, have poured these feelings from out a young and swelling bosom.

Mr. F. entered at this moment, and placed himself beside Miss Ella V. There seemed to have

gathered over his own feelings also, some similar plaintive but serene emotion, with less of the mingled sadness.

"Could any thing be more enchanting?" he asked, as he took his seat, and slightly widened the opening in the green blinds of the window. "I know not how it is with others, but my own heart sympathizes with the stillness of such a scene, which almost makes me sad to tears. I dislike affected sentimentalism, but there certainly is that in nature, at such a soft moment, that touches delicately on the emotions of the heart. Some one has said, 'If you would shed your tears, go to the woods;' but I think I would say, 'If you would give free to the gushing sadness of a full heart, come and look on this calm and moon-light scene.'"

Miss V. replied only in a deep, but to her unperceived sigh; and they both, for a moment, indulged their separate if not their different thoughts.

"I find," continued Mr. F. after a considerable pause, "that at such moments, my heart enkindles with most kind feelings for the religious welfare of my friends, for whom my interest has been excited; and I know of no emotion more sincere than the wish that rises for their happiness. Religion, surely, is a benevolent moulder of the affections. And to me, Miss V.," added Mr. F., "it is a grateful emotion which I find at times swelling towards

my God, for the providence which led me early to adopt the principles of this religion as the guide of my youth. I often may have swerved, but I have thus far been preserved from the terrible wreck which I have witnessed of a number of my early associates and later acquaintances. And if I mistake not," added Mr. F., "some kindred feeling will awake in your bosom; in view of the early impressions on your mind. How gratefully should our hearts swell towards God for the influences of his Spirit, in his providence and word, which have induced us to embrace our best interests and early duty of becoming his. And how changed is the onward prospect. And how gladdened the hearts of our mothers over the assurance of our safety here, and happiness hereafter. Could you wish a different consummation of God's influences upon your heart, Miss V., than that which has brought it to himself?"

Miss V. had leaned her face upon her handkerchief, and was weeping silently. She did not reply. But the two friends needed not words as a medium for their commune of hearts. They sat not in silent embarrassment, but in still, and hallowed, and commingling sympathies of kindred bosoms.

Some moments had passed, when Mrs. Le Roy and the pale-cheeked young lady of the party entered the parlour, and without marking the pensive air of Ella V., they advanced to the piano, and sung

the following pathetic words, in the tune to which they are set.

I.

" I'm sometimes sad, but know not why,
And weep at evening hour;
Then gentlest murmurs whisper by,
And stillness wakes her power.
I'm sometimes sad when Cynthia's beams
The fountains silver o'er;
I wander then among the elms,
Where shadows hide my tear.

II.

I'm sometimes sad, when friends that were
My sorrows wake anew;
They once were here, but now they are
Where weeping-willows grow.
I'm sometimes sad, when friends that be
Excite the tender sigh,
For soon a long adieu they'll say,
And so must I, must I!

III.

I'm sometimes sad among the crowd,
And in the circle glee,
And often when the laugh is loud
I go to bend the knee.
I'm sometimes sad, and think I've none
To shed a tear with me;
And who will e'er for me bemoan,
When 'neath the pendant tree?

IV.

Sad world ! where is thy soothing power
 At morn or vesper mild ?
 Or where, when noontide tells the hour,
 The charm for sorrow's child ?
 Though sad I roam, though drop the tear
 'Mid light or shadow's gloom ;
 Erelong I'll lay me silent there,
 Low in the peaceful tomb !"

Miss V. rose and sought her chamber. "That,"
 said Mr. F. to the young lady who sang, after a
 moment's pause, "is like the

' Remembered note of a mute lyre.'"

SECTION XIV.

At two o'clock the steam-boat shot out from the dock at Hartford, for New-York. Our party were on board, on their way down the river, in high expectation of soon greeting some of their New-York friends, who were enjoying the country air among the hills and amid the healthful breezes of the Connecticut.

"Well," said Le Roy, as the party had gathered into their little circle on one side of the ladies' saloon, "those Hartford people, with all their notions and thrift in money-making matters, are a benevolent sort of folk. Their institutions for the deaf and dumb, and crazy women and men, (God save us from running mad, which I have apprehended will one day be my crazy fortune,) are worthy of all commendation from both the wicked and the pious. I am not certain that I would not become a professor there, merely to witness the exquisite lingering of the eyes of the deaf and dumb pupils on their teachers. At least, when I reach New-York, I shall propose to some of my young lady acquaintances, to feign deafness and *speechlessness*, and to secure a place in the Asylum at Hartford, to learn the art of *lingering their eyes* with the greatest effect."

"Oh Georgie," said Ella V. to Le R. as a general peal of laughter burst from the party, as they caught his *quizzical look*; "your face out-quizzes the hobble-to-gobble tow-eater we saw in Boston. Surely, you could not expect a young lady to linger her eyes long on such a face."

"But," said Mr. F., "there was something very fine in that steady attention of the eye, to which Mr. Le Roy alludes, which struck me as exceedingly beautiful. And it often had the interest of a lingering abstraction about it. What a beautiful creation was that dark-haired and brilliant complexion girl that so composedly, and like one of nature's favourite geniuses, wrote her parts. Do you think these pupils are ever conscious of the pity that sometimes awakes in the bosoms of their visitors for them?"

"They most generally appear happy," said Mrs. Le R. "And I only marked one sad countenance among all the pupils there. Certainly, out of our own party, there could hardly be found such another smiling-faced company as the pupils at the Asylum."

"And yet," said Mrs. E., "that poor girl, who was blind as well as deaf and dumb, seemed rather ill-natured the morning we visited the Asylum. And how strange! You know the professor told us that she was aware, as discovered by her con-

tinually feeling of her cape, that she was not dressed that morning for seeing company."

"*Seeing company, Mrs. E.*" said Le Roy. "That were almost like a lad from the Emerald Isle, who was going to *see* music. But, like the deaf and dumb only, I suppose this singular misfortune of nature, too, has some melodies of soul."

"Mrs. Sigourney calls her, '*mysterious nature's hermit-child*,'" said Ella V. to Le Roy. "Poetry may even turf over our graves with the fresh green sod, and plant its borders with flowers, and almost make it a lovely spot. But it is a drear place when we enter it with the heavy feelings of reality unlifted by the wing of our imaginings. What a desert-place must her bosom be!"

"And yet," said Mr. F., "I should like to be able to commune with her thoughts. They must be strange combinations, often, as they would appear to us, could we see them in the additional light which our two senses of sight and hearing have poured upon our minds. Miss V., can you not repeat the lines of Mrs. Sigourney, to which you alluded, associated with this unfortunate girl?"

"I can only recall a few of them," said Miss V. "Mrs. Sigourney's sweet lines on ALICE have a diviner charm to me, as she represents her happy spirit speaking from another world to her kindred on earth:

' Sisters !—there's music here ;
 From countless harps it flows ;
 Throughout this bright celestial sphere
 No pause nor discord knows.
 The seal is melted from my ear
 By love divine ;
 And what through life I pined to hear
 Is mine ! is mine !

' Joy !—I am mute no more ;
 My sad and silent years
 With all their loneliness are o'er ;
 Sweet sisters, dry your tears :
 Listen at hush of eve—listen at dawn of day,—
 List at the hour of prayer—can ye not hear my lay ?

' 'Tis better here to be,
 No disappointments shroud
 The angel-bowers of joy ;
 Our knowledge hath no cloud,
 Our pleasures no alloy ;
 The fearful word—*to part*,
 Is never breathed above ;
 Heaven hath no broken heart—
 Call me not hence, my love.' "

" And the verses you remember in connection with the blind girl," continued Mr. F., addressing Miss V., perceiving that she had ended her quotation from Mrs. Sigourney's beautiful piece called " ALICE."

Miss V., after a moment's recollection, quoted two verses :

“ ‘ She hath no eye—God quenched its beam,
No ear—though thunder’s trump be blown ;
No speech—her spirit’s voiceless stream
Flows dark, unfathomed, and unknown.

‘ Yet hath she joys, though none may know
Their germ, their impulse, or their power ;
And oft her kindling features glow
In meditation’s lonely hour.’ ”

“ But,” continued Miss V., “ what beautiful visions she must be deprived of. She may regale herself with the perfume of the rose, but she cannot linger *her* eye on its beautiful colours, nor take in, as we do, the picturesque view of this narrow pass.” Each of the party cast their look high up the bluffs which they were now passing, and which form, at this spot, the most picturesque view on the river below Hartford.

“ And what could be her conception of our glorious steamer,” said Mr. F., “ were she with us gliding over this silver stream, narrowed here almost to the width of the ribbon on Mrs. Le Roy’s hat ? She would only have the sensation of *touch* to be exercised, which would possibly give her the idea of motion and the presence of fire. But all beyond would be a blank. She could have nothing of the beautiful or the sublime of the scene, as Miss V. has remarked. She could not know that we were gliding over a beautiful river, that lies so still in its deep passage here, through this deep defile of hills ; nor

catch the increased sound of the water-wheels, brought back to our ears in this pent-up pass as we dash on our course, nor see the little village that opens before us now so beautifully—or the receding city as we gaze in our rear, though now just shutting in from our view.”

A moment only had passed when the lily-cheek young lady had come back to the party, urging them to go to the bows of the boat, to gain a finer view of her father's country residence, as it would soon open upon them from the hills. She and the little Rosa E. had already been gazing for its first appearance, and in another ten minutes it would be in full view of the boat.

We shall not locate this residence more definitely. The spot is an enchanting one. But for the present we would conceal its precise position, as we have purposely avoided the record of many things and sayings of the lily-cheek young lady, whose father's country residence we were now so rapidly nearing. Her story and the description of the scenery in this neighbourhood, will be left for a work differing in its nature from this. It may suffice here to say, that she has romance in her character, and but one superstition. Unaccountably, she thinks that *her destiny is somehow linked with a crow*.

‘ But, be it so or not,
Another I can never wed,
She, never be forgot.’

The steamboat-bell was rung; and in a few moments more we were at the dock. A carriage with a span of beautiful bays and a couple of noble riding horses was awaiting 'us. A ride of a mile brought us to the home of some of us, and to the cordial welcome of a home to all of us.

CONCLUSION.

A FEW days had passed, which had been spent amid various diversions and pleasures. The ladies rode on horseback, and rambled the fields, and played upon the piano forte and the guitar. The gentlemen, at times, were sailing—at others, gunning—at others, fishing—at others, listening to the music and conversation of the ladies.

A few days had passed, and the carriage was again at the door ; and now, the party were to lose some of its members.

Every one has felt that those who have been on their course together for weeks do not separate with merely feigned regrets. We shall not here record all the reasons which made the parting of friends, at this hour, one of tender feelings. They were to ride a few miles, to meet the post-coach instead of the steam-boat, that they might pass through New Haven, on their return-way to New-York. They were accompanied by several friends to the point, where they were to take the coach ; and there, they separated with kind words and yet kinder feelings. Little was said, but much was felt. Mrs. E. and little Rosa, her daughter, and Mr. F. were to remain for a few weeks at the father's of the young

lady who had been with them on their tour. Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy and Miss Ella V., and *the writer's self* were soon seated in the post-coach. Le Roy, though but seldom manifesting other than joyous feeling, now spoke the parting word with emotion, which made his lighter manner unnatural. The coach and the carriage turned on their separate courses, at the same moment, and soon the broken party were lost to each other.

"Well," at length said Le Roy, after the coach had passed some way on its course, "our friend Mr. F. is the cleverest fellow that I have seen for an age of four weeks, at least. He can form a moral on a glass of champagne—cause religion to blossom out of flowers—make a man feel immortal among the dead, and to lament that he is not a Christian amid the wildest enjoyments of life. He peoples the dark woods we pass with red-men and warriors—and re-fights, *for Ella*, the battles of her grandmothers. And then, his geology, and mineralogy, and chemistry, and astronomy, without seeming to know any thing about them, either in his language or pretensions, put tongues into the passing rocks, and mountains, and rivers, the air, the moon and the mushroom; and preaches sermons that send the sinner, in fearful language, to destruction, while the sinner weeps and pardons his denunciator as his assured friend. I admire the learning of the scholar—the eloquence of the

preacher—the modesty of the philosopher—and love and almost envy the man.”

Had not the party felt the truth of Le Roy's remarks, they would have looked rather surprised at such a set-speech, as this would have seemed, from one whose remarks were generally brief, as well as humorous.

Ella V. had been silent, in her own musings, in the back corner-seat of the coach. She raised her head as Le Roy ended, and after a moment, added, “Thank you, George, for thus appreciating Mr. F. He has *my gratitude* as well as admiration,” added Miss V. with unintentional feeling.

“And think you this is all, Ella,” said Le Roy, returning to his quizzical vein. “I said, he had won *my love*, and I am sure you would rather imitate than envy such goodness.”

Miss V. did not venture a reply, and the company were again abstracted for some distance on their ride. Their silence seemed to be the result of each one's willingness to enjoy the commune with each one's own thoughts.

New-Haven had been the object of frequent allusion during the tour. Mr. F. always spoke of it with enthusiasm. He had received his education there, and afterwards remained as a resident graduate for some time, to attend to general literature. Miss V. approached the city with no less interest from these associations. Le Roy had also

recieved his education there, two or three years earlier than Mr. F.

We spent a day in this elm-embowered city. And the writer could have lingered as many more days among its shades, with increasing pleasure, as he spent hours. But the next day found him and those he accompanied again threading the noisy streets of their city-home. This was my first visit to New-Haven. I know not of a fitter retreat for the devotees of science, literature, and taste. Had I sons, they should be sent to Yale for their education. Surely no spirit could breathe the atmosphere of this town and not become a purer and wiser being. And a youth, dwelling among such beauties of taste in nature and art, during the formation of his intellectual and moral character, must have it happily mellowed by the loveliness and the chasteness of the scenes, and the associations and the society among which, in this spot of enchantment, he would move. The city is a literal *rus in urbe*, and its colleges, its churches, its green, and its church-yard in its loveliness, even amid all its melancholy associations, will always render New-Haven the admired *rural city* of the Union.

We shall not describe the meeting of Ella V. with her mother, on her reaching her home. It is enough to say that her mother is a Christian, and her confiding daughter had much for her ear. The writer parted with her, and with Mr. and Mrs. Le

Roy at their door, with the promise of a call upon them the succeeding day, to inquire for the health and happiness of his travelling companions.

Nearly five weeks had passed, when the writer, at evening, after the hour of five, was slowly moving up Broadway. His attention was attracted by a noble span of black horses, richly caparisoned and gallantly bearing on a heavy barouche. As it neared him, a white handkerchief waved from its side—an emblem of recognition, in the hand of Ella V. My eye at once took in the company, as little Rosa E. spatted her hands, and cried out my name.

Mrs. E. and her daughter, accompanied by Mr. F., had arrived in the city early the same morning, and Miss V. with her mother, had been taking Mrs. E. and the little Rosa out, on an evening-ride. On my reaching my own residence, I found a note informing me of the arrival of our mutual friends, with an invitation to meet them the same evening at tea.

Some weeks have since passed. Among the *on dits* of — Place, it is said, in a little more than an audible whisper, that Miss Ella V. is engaged. We shall leave the reader to guess the further particulars, unless one may divine something very certain from the following lines, which Mr. F. recorded for Miss V. on the separate leaves of a book, which contained, with exquisite taste of ar-

rangement, the flowers, which they had together culled on their JULY TOUR.

TO MISS ELLA V.

The Language of Flowers.

They culled us at the *border-lake*,*

Where once the warrior-hosts were seen,
And Indian-yell and war-shout spake

Their death-cry o'er the thousand slain :
But where the traveller lingers now
To gaze upon the gorgeous scene,
And lists to bugle-notes, that throw
Their echoes up the deep ravine.

They culled us at the *storied fall*,†

Whence Hudson rolls his glorious wave ;
And romance, with her magic spell,
Hath hallowed there the Hawk-eye cave.

They culled us at the *spouting fount*,‡

Where thousands come in summer-day,
And talk, and dance, and laugh, and shout,
And drive the live-long hours away.

They culled us at *Mount Holyoke*,§

That raises high its cloud-capt peak,
Where nature lines her grandest work,
And mountain-beauties loudest speak.

They culled us at the *shaded mounds*,||

Where AUBURN mourns the sleeping dead,
And where the traveller threads the grounds
With slow and reverential tread.

* Lake George.

† Glen Falls.

‡ Saratoga Springs.

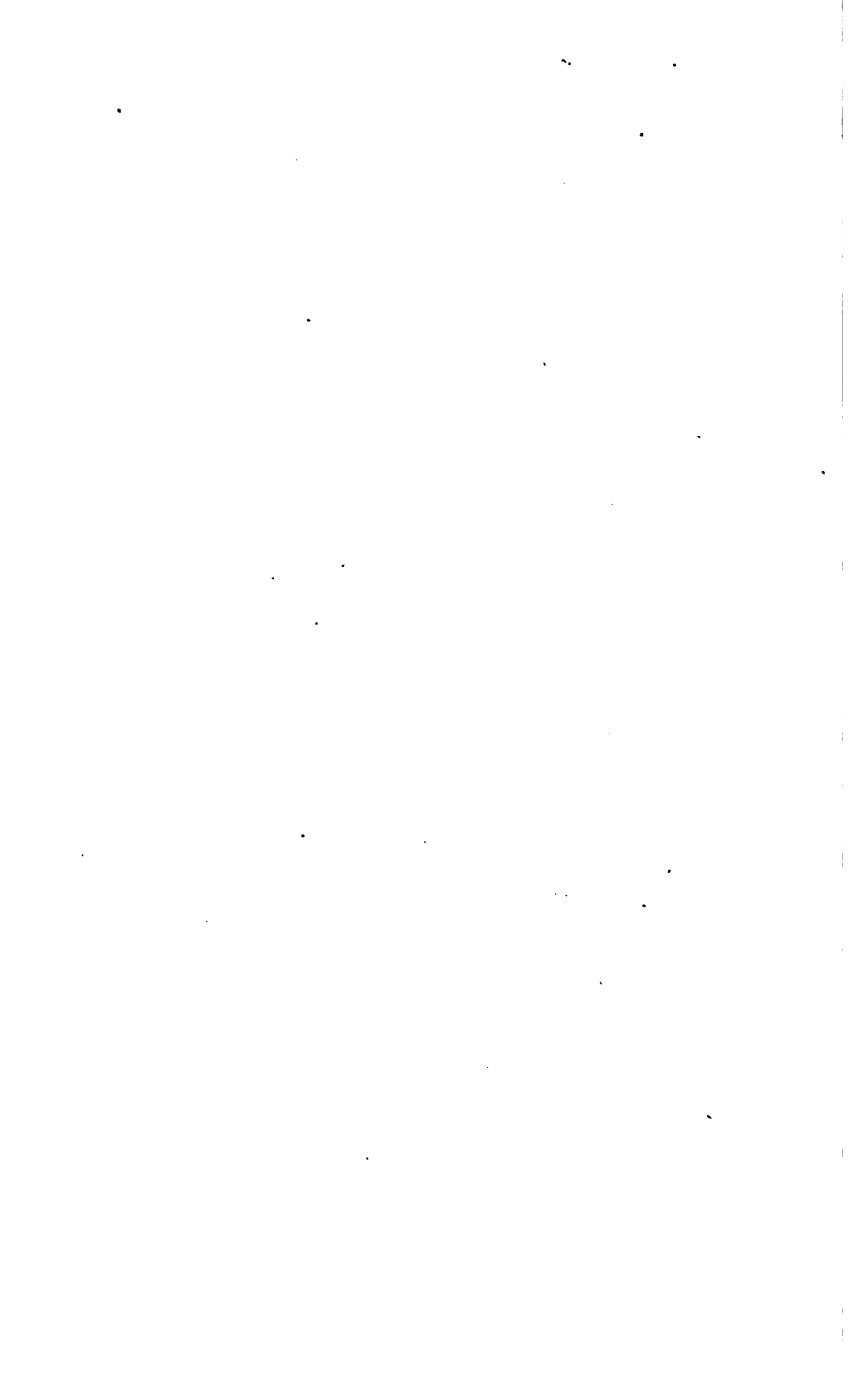
§ Near Northampton, Massachusetts.

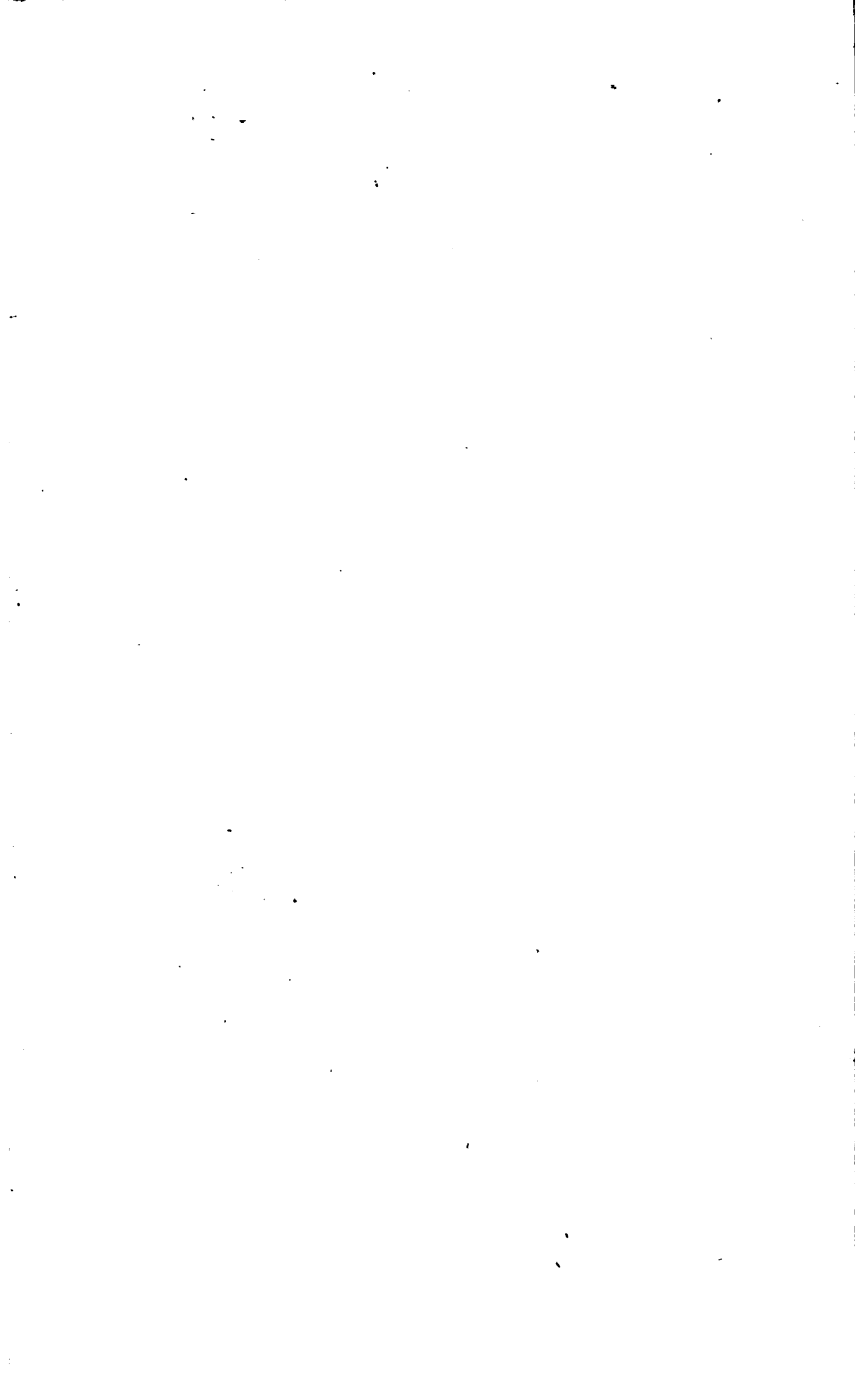
|| The burial-ground near Boston.

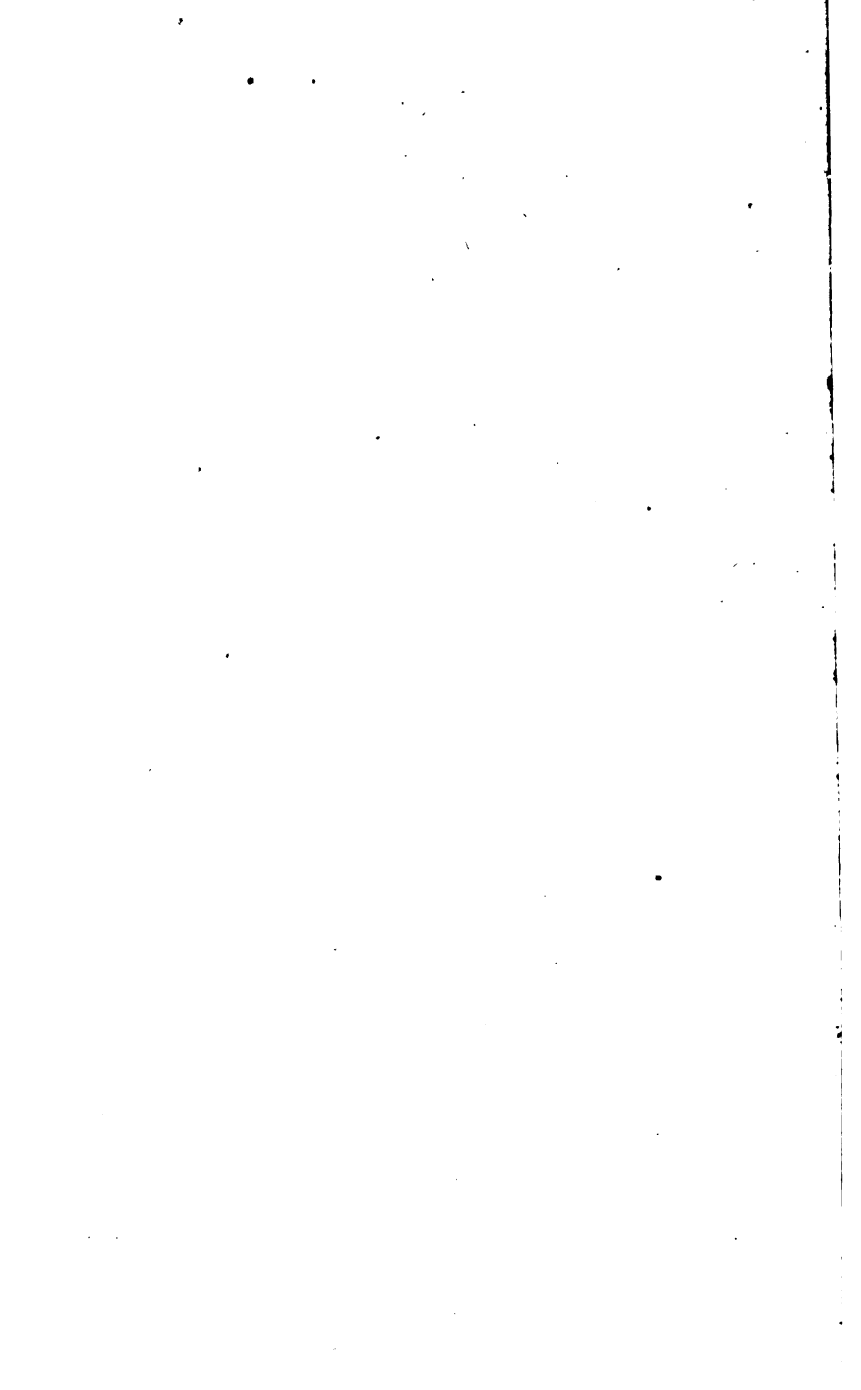
And though we love our native lake,
And water-fall, and spring, and mount,
Yet memories glad we'll fondly wake
As Ella shall her past recount;
And while she casts her speaking eye
Upon our leaf, and stem, and flower,
Then may her heart gush full with joy,
As she recalls THE JULY TOUR.

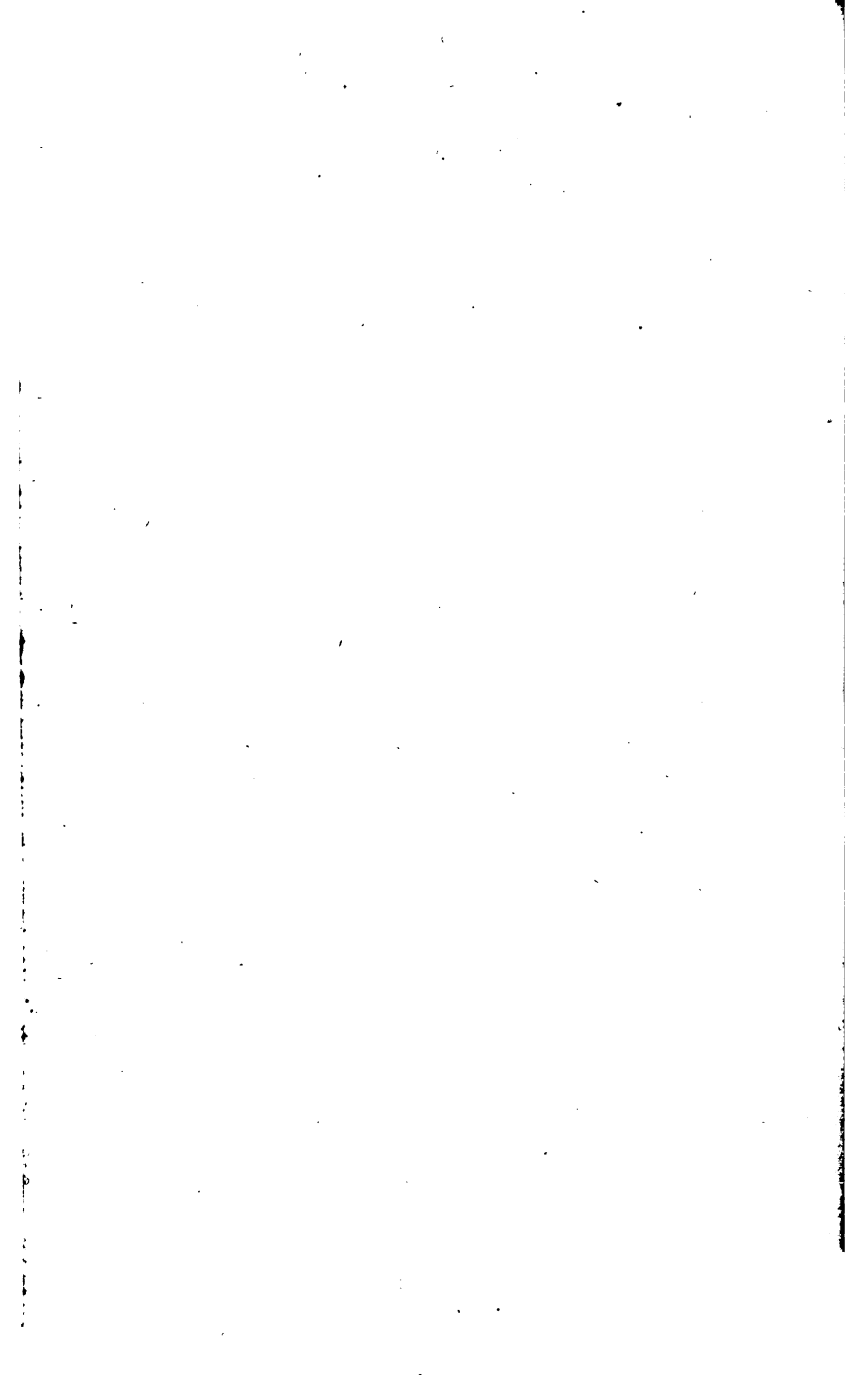
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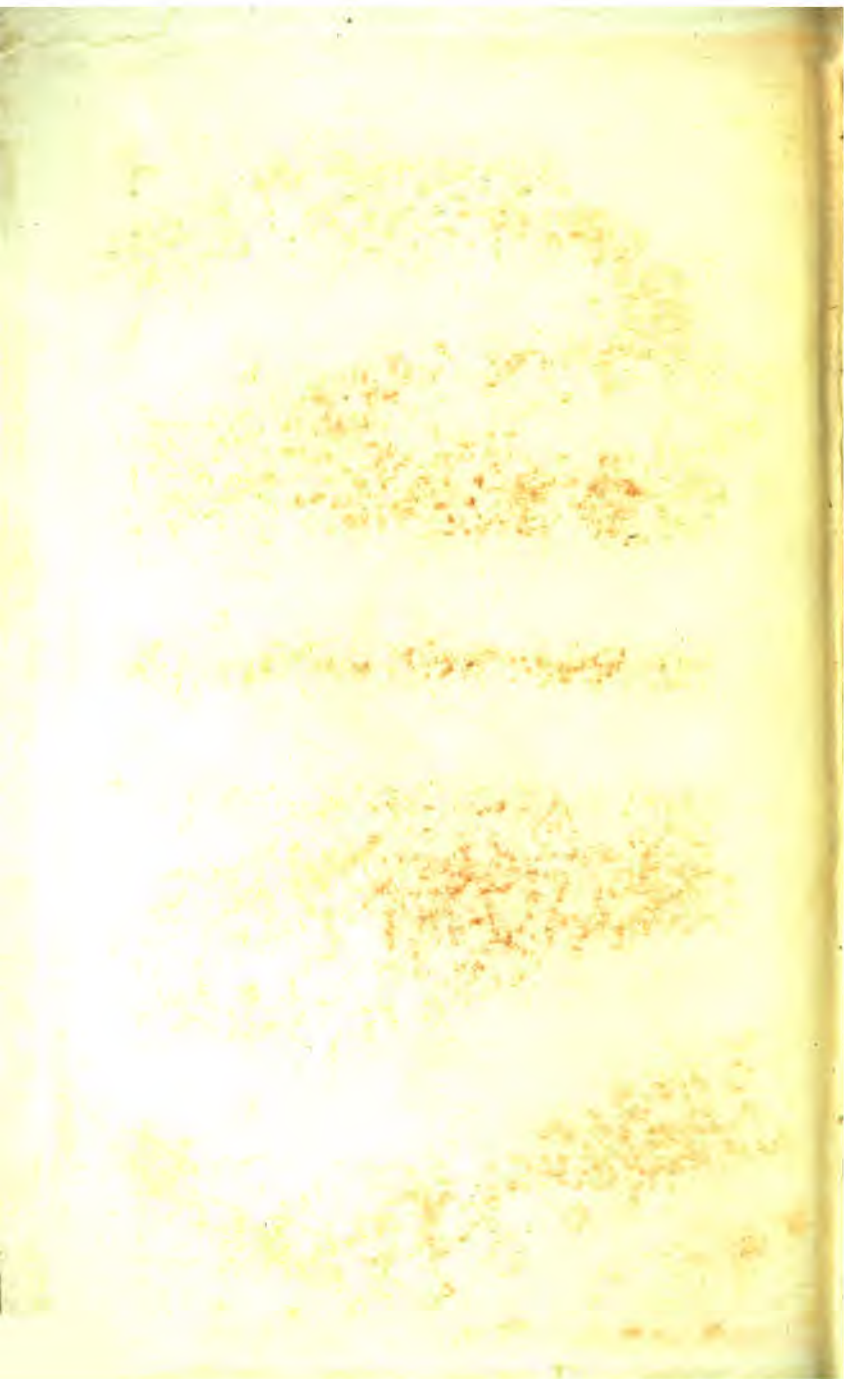












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